

The WAR CRY

CANADA

EAST



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

WILLIAM BOOTH - FOUNDER

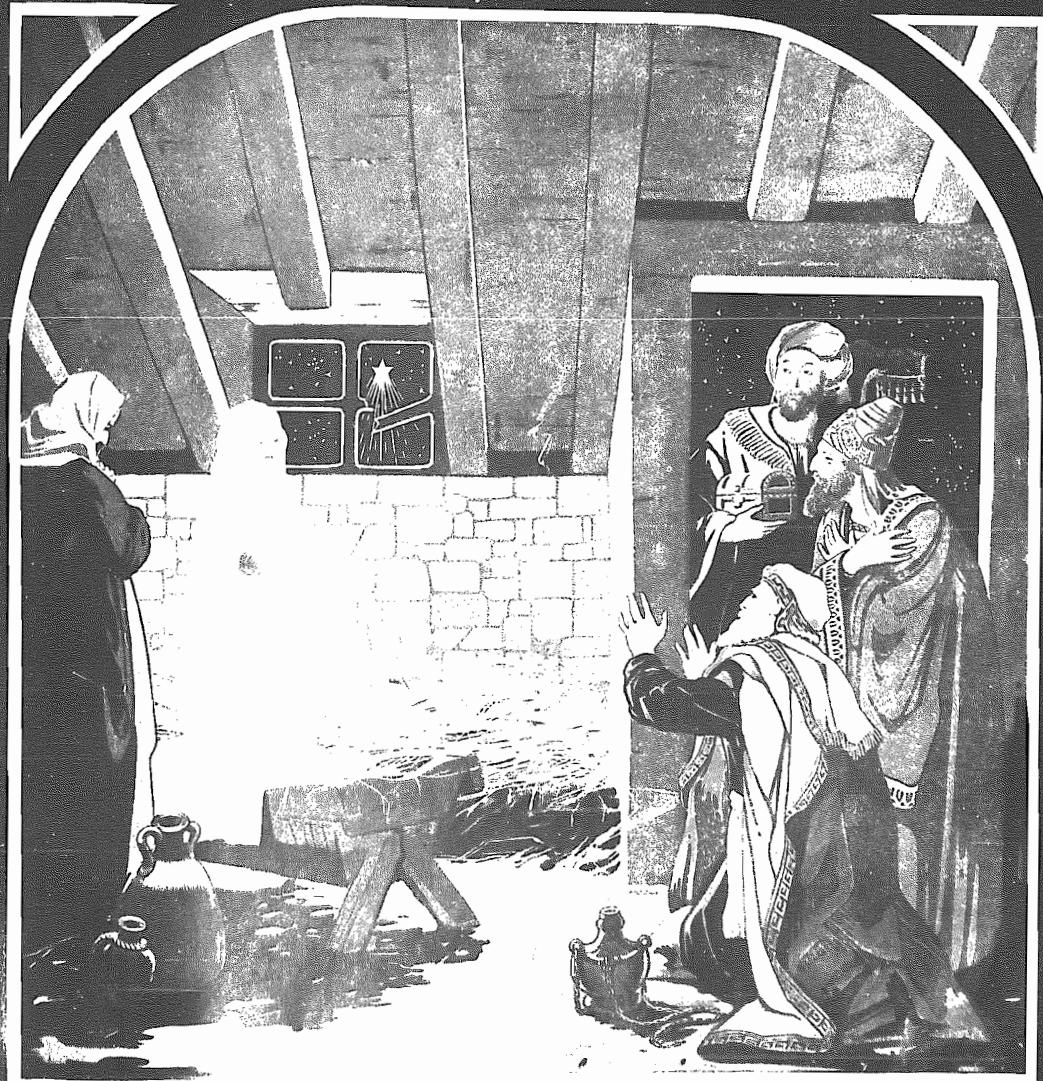
BRAMWELL BOOTH - GENERAL

CHARLES SOWTON - COMMISSIONER

No. 2045

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TEN CENTS



"Bringing Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh"



Why Jesus was Born

THE Old Testament saints gathered around the cradle of Jesus are a band worthy of their place in the glory of the first Christmas. Zacharias and Elizabeth, Joseph and Mary, Simeon and Anna, seem dowered with all the graces befitting that sublimest event in history—the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. Their lives are still an inspiration to Holiness and an assurance that God delights to reveal His marvels of mercy to such. Zacharias bursts into a song of prophecy when his boy is named. John is to be the prophet of the Most High; the herald who was to go before the face of the Lord, to make ready His ways.

As we listen to the glorious Benedictus we learn that Christmas is God's gift. Zacharias reads the heart of God and finds in His tender mercy the reason for the coming of Jesus. All this old saint's thoughts of God are lofty and loving. God is the author of Christmas. He gave the world its most precious gift when the Word became flesh and dwelt among us. What riches lie in that tender mercy! God loves the world; He loves all His children. His infinite gift is the outcome of infinite compassion and infinite grace.

Zacharias tells why God gave us our Christmas. The world had lost the way of peace. It sat in darkness and the shadow of death. The greatest minds had been seeking light on human duty and destiny for themselves and others, but had not found it. Greek and Roman were baffled by the mystery. God watched the search and stepped in when the wisest and best acknowledged their helplessness. The world without Christ was a world of perplexed and troubled souls. Dr. Glover describes it as "a world astray. All the right instincts are there, but they are scattered and working against one another."

The description of the work of Jesus is one of the most beautiful that was ever uttered. Malachi had foretold that the Sun of Righteousness should arise. For Zacharias that hour has dawned. "The day spring from on high hath visited us." Heaven pours its radiance on the world. Light has come at last. That prologue of the Fourth Gospel opens up the significance of the Day Star to men.

Zacharias paints the result of this outburst of Heaven's light. The caravan has lost its way amid the darkness; the pilgrims can only sit down and pray for the dawn. Suddenly it bursts upon them. They spring to the feet of Jesus and listen to the words of eternal life. Our feet are set on the highway to Holiness. Perplexities are past. We are no longer baffled and despairing. Life is a way of peace on which shines the favor of God, whilst before us moves our Guide and Saviour, filling us with sure confidence and glorious hope. Christmas, then, is the key to life's problems. The light which Jesus brings shows us how God loves us. Christmas brings many friends and many gifts, but the best of all and the source of all is that the Day-spring from on high hath visited us.





To Redeem Mankind

MAN was created to live in closest touch with God. And, in the beginning days, man did know God well. In the masterly etching of the Eden picture by Moses, these two—man and God—walked side by side, familiarly, as chosen and choicest friends. They enjoyed unmarred fellowship, perfect affinity of spirit, and admirable partnership in service. Such was God's thought for man.

One day, man broke tryst. A single deliberate act of his will separated him from God. The Eden Gate was shut. Sin—that tenacious, gluey, sticky child of Satan—had wrought its unhallowed work. Death was spelt across the sky of the human race. Man's fall brought a gleeful chuckle in the vaults of Hell—but it was God's first disappointment!

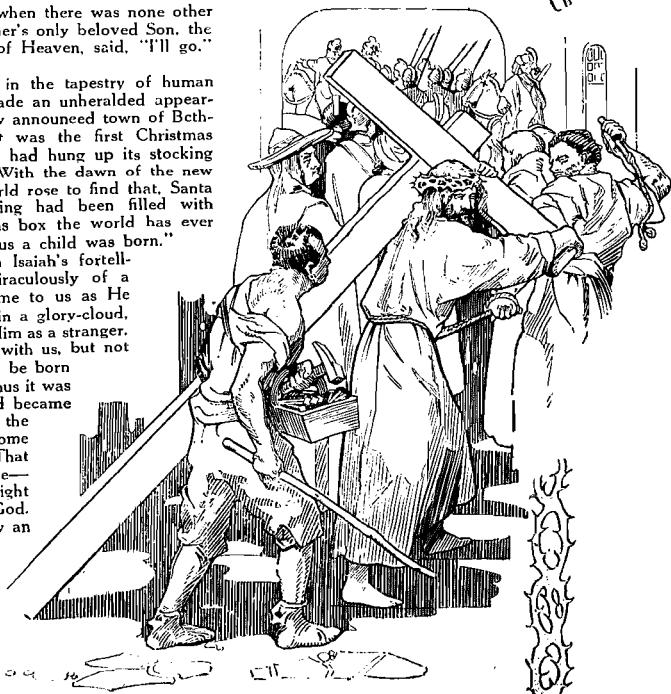
But man's act of sinning resulted in God's act of saving. For God has ever been eager to renew talking terms with His wayward child. In fact, His hunger for intimacy with prodigals of the race was so acute that He took extreme pains to win back the lost and plan a glorious home-coming.

It was no easy task. Man was groping in gutter-slime; ears dull, eyes dim, heart rebellious. The shadows of a Rembrandt blackness enveloped him. Yet the Father would pierce the thick cloud of sin, but how?

In the Star Chamber of the skies the Father asked for volunteers to leave the cold, black night of earth, and save Man. The angels gasped at the shock of it. Seraphim recoiled. Isaiah, David, Elijah, Abraham, Abel—were awed at the startling proposal. And when there was none other to volunteer, the Father's only beloved Son, the Prince of the Court of Heaven, said, "I'll go." And He did.

Veiling Himself in the tapestry of human flesh, He one day made an unheralded appearance in the Scripturally announced town of Bethlehem Ephrathah. It was the first Christmas morning. The world had hung up its stocking and gone to sleep. With the dawn of the new day an awakened world rose to find that, Santa Claus-like, the stocking had been filled with the greatest Christmas box the world has ever known. "And unto us a child was born."

In accordance with Isaiah's foretelling he was born miraculously of a Virgin. Had He come to us as He afterwards departed, in a glory-cloud, we should have held Him as a stranger. He would have been with us, but not of us. He must need be born—and "unto us." Thus it was that "the Son of God became the Son of Man, that the sons of men might become the sons of God. That sums it all up in a little—that the sons of men might become the sons of God. Thank God, it is now an accomplished fact!



Happy Under Our Glorious Flag



The Canada East

Christmas Issue



WAR CRY

LIGHT FROM THE STABLE

BY THE GENERAL

THE Stable in Bethlehem, with its simple Manger and silent beasts, screened as it is in the dim light which history has permitted to fall upon it, has a strong fascination for us all—especially for us who love and honor the wonderful Child so strangely entering upon human life amidst its many shadows.

Everything connected with that immense event—the birth of the Son of God—acquires a high distinction, an importance cut of all proportion to ordinary surroundings. The rude building itself—the common things of the farmyard—the odds and ends of the inn which overflowed to the stable—the very litter and refuse of the scene—all have a deep significance for us.

I sometimes wonder why the Evangelists to whom we owe so much—and how great is our debt to them we can scarcely estimate—did not give us a little more information. The wonderful scene itself—how we should like to reconstruct it! The still more wonderful persons who took part in the affair—how we should like to know them! Who was the keeper of the inn? What were his thoughts when he saw the shepherds crowding around, and the wise men hastening with their rich gifts, and when he heard that King Herod was seeking for this wonderful Babe? What were the shepherds like? Did they belong to the village? What did they say to their neighbors about that marvellous song of the Angels? Who were the wise men? What were the strange events which inspired their interest, and what did they say and where did they go and what report did they afterwards make of their experiences?

Then how much we should have liked some details about the surrounding circumstances! Who nursed and cared for Mary? How long did the little family remain in the stable? Were they presently taken into the inn? Did the recognition of the shepherds and the wise men secure any other worshippers?

These things and others are hidden from us, but some things that are not hidden have lessons of importance for every one who believes in the great deliverance which that little infant bestowed upon our poor world. Here are one or two:

THE INFANT AND THE WITNESS.

The whole wonderful story constitutes a Divine endorsement of the power of witnessing. The incarnation of the Son of God, and His birth into the families of men clothed with ordinary mortality—the humiliation arising from His weakness and dependence—what are these but a testimony to the great fact that God is, in His nature and purpose, a God of condescending love? This is the first great witness which flashes like a kind of wireless message to all lands in all languages and tongues from the Stable. All that happened there—all that we see there—all that we feel there is simply this—it is a testimony—it is God speaking of Himself—revealing Himself—God bearing witness, in the simplicity and dependence and in the infant-cries of that Babe, to His own life, to His own power, and to the boundless wealth of His unchanging love.

I claim that here is a lesson for us. Is not the law of witnessing the first law of the Christ-life in us? Just as the first fact of the,

Christ-life at Bethlehem, was its testimony to the Divine Father and His love, so the first expression of that life in us must be our testimony to our Lord and Saviour—our witness to His Great Salvation.

Nothing is clearer in the whole teaching of the New Testament than the steady, insistent demand that we shall pay our homage to our King and spread the honor of His royal name by confessing Him outwardly before our fellow-men. Not to confess Him is to depart from Him—yes, to break with Him for ever. To confess Him is to secure His presence now and His acknowledgment in the great Day of the Lord.

II. INDEPENDENT POWER.

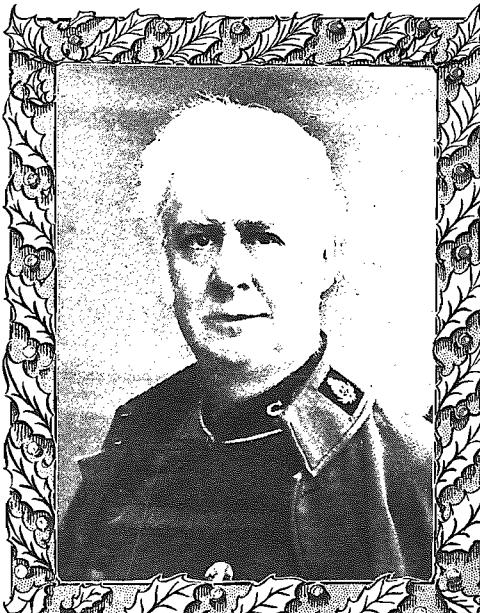
The story of the Stable declares that the power of Christ is independent of human power and more significant of loneliness and trial. Could anything have been more significant of loneliness and contempt—I had almost said of shame—than that birth-chamber? Could anything be more eloquent of poverty than the dismissal to the stable—THE STABLE!—to the manger for the little col—the dried grass and leaves for a bed—the cattle for companions? What a place to which to summon those shepherds fresh from the music of the skies! What a spectacle to set before the wise men hurrying to lay at the feet of the little Stranger those rich gifts so worthy of a Prince! With what surprise they must have come upon the scene! What a demand upon their faith the squalid meanness of the surroundings must have made!

Now when we look back we can see—I wonder greatly whether they saw it—how the presence of the Babe changed everything in the Stable. The poorest farming tool was touched with a new light! The water-troughs and halters and hay-racks and the manger—oh, THE MANGER!—why, they all showed some strange new light and glory because the Babe was there!

Well, so it is—the Divine is the glory of the human. The spiritual imparts itself to the material and temporal. Want and weakness, whether in us or in our surroundings, take on a new nature in the presence of Jesus. They are what they are and yet they are something more than they are. The circumstances around us—so trying, so limiting—often so sorely perplexing—sometimes so sordid and mean—why, they are changed when He comes amongst them. That which was weak and contemptible and seemed like a burden too heavy to carry is made light by His presence and power.

Oh, let us believe it! Let us dare to declare it! Let us, above all, live in the joy and liberty of the truth—Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever, is come—is really come to bring to light the power of God, in ordinary lives such as ours—among harsh and opposing circumstances—in the midst of weakness and suffering and maybe homelessness. He it is who makes all things new. He it is who gives the hungry bread to eat which the world knows not of. He it is who keeps mercy and power and holiness for those who seek them empty-handed at His hands. He it is who turns the shadow of death into the morning and sheds the light of Heaven upon the squalid gloom of even a slummer's death-bed.

Seek Him—the Christ of the Stable—the Light of the World!



AT PEACE WITH GOD



BY :
CAPTAIN ALFRED GILLIARD
BRITISH EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT



JACK MURCHISON, Skipper of the Steamer "Ptalmigan," strode down the gangway with a lurch which roused the muffled Quartermaster from his meditations over the starboard rail.

"Coming aboard to-night, sir?" he called after the tall figure, whose overcoat bore evidence of long confinement in a clumsily packed sea-chest.

There was no reply. With both hands thrust deeply into his pockets, and chin sunk below the level of his shoulders, Captain Murchison stumbled along the uneven quay and disappeared behind the piles of faintly scented merchandise on the covered wharf.

"Old man seems upset at winning his bet with the weather!" growled the Quartermaster, shrugging his shoulders at Jennie, the most grandmotherly of all "Ptalmigan" cats.

It had indeed been a "bet with the weather." Jack Murchison had sworn by all his experience of the Western Ocean in its blackest moods that he would put the stumpy bow of his rickety command into the calm waters of New York harbor before the dawning of Christmas Day. He had succeeded beyond expectation, despite the protests of an engineer who daily prophesied disaster if his distressed machinery were not allowed a little mercy. As the dawn light of Christmas Eve stole up behind the vessel, low shores had shown over a sea which slopped around the "Ptalmigan's" bow like the cold contents of an agitated washtub. The pilot had climbed aboard wondering how many more times this ancient tub would make the coast before her obituary was written under the tragic heading, "Lost at sea with all hands," and the "Ptalmigan" had limped tardily past Long Island, Liberty Statue, Manhattan's house—rows set on end, up the Brooklyn side to the confusion of wharves, where nondescript tramps huddled forlornly together. They tried to be sociable and yet scarcely remembered how, after spending so long on the solitary wastes of world's seas.

Early docked, with no gangs of ravenous laborers to snatch treasures she had faithfully carried for work ceased at noon that day—an uneasy silence fell over the old "Ptalmigan," as though she knew that this was the eve of the greatest birthday of the year, when all the world should rest from its tumults and be glad.

The stillness drove her master into his little-worn, shore-going suit before the colorless day died in the frost-bitten arms of the night, and four o'clock on Christmas Eve saw him striding toward the town, urged on by some restless fiend which gnawed at his weary heart.

Jack knew not what he wanted. No definite idea possessed him except that all human companionship seemed unbearable. The agent had suggested a night out together. The ship's chandler, with an eye to lengthening bills, had offered his auto for a spree. The usual crowd of wharf frequenters had watched the vessel dock, with eyes on the chance of a cheap revel with the skipper—donkeyman, they didn't care which—but to all the master had been barely polite and one by one they had abandoned the "Ptalmigan" to the quietude of the late afternoon.

Leaving the dock gates, Jack Murchison trudged along the crowded pavements, lurking brutally forward, careless of maid or man.

Some children gathered around the glass door of a chop-suey establishment and shouted "Happy Christmas!" to customers as they passed in and out.

Hearing them, Jack felt a wave of anger surge through his heart. His brows lowered like thunder clouds over the English lakes.

"Happy Christmas!" he muttered; "who'd be deceived by such tomfoolery? Good-will to men! Peace on earth! It's a lie!"

Then he laughed bitterly at his own ravings and reminded himself that he had pushed the "Ptalmigan" ahead of her schedule time in order that he might be amongst the people who be-

lieved in the true happiness at Christmastide!

Life held few secrets for this embittered soul. During fifteen years of seagoing he had invaded all her sanctuaries with ruthless audacity and a cool Scotch strain in him had impelled the keeping of a mental balance sheet of his days. Sometimes, when the night was dark and he paced the deck unable to sleep, he turned the leaves of his life's ledger. Two years of sober industry, during which the influence of home had gradually receded. Three wild years out East, years of appalling risk, during which he had explored every avenue of vice offered.

Then a nauseating revulsion against the voluptuous tropics, so strong that he had transferred West to the Pacific Coast. A year of devilry out there, with the drink saloon substituted for the dark, scented tropical den. Three years on the English coast, with a Devonshire girl who had trusted him enough to marry him and died of grief when a shipmate revealed to her his past. Four years of war service, with its outlet for human energy, its quick promotion and mind-ruining strain. Two years of tramping "Ptalmigan" across the Western Ocean, bouts of wild indolence, alternating with spells of mental agony and abysmal pessimism—at the end of these Jack Murchison remembered a tag from his far-off Sunday School days and muttered with curled lips, "All is vanity."

Out on the rocking waste of sea when a gale howled defiance in his face he had promised himself peace amidst the lights of New York. Pacing the city's polished pavements he hated laughter and the lights and wished himself out in the darkness again.

Lurking across a road Jack found his progress barred by a crowd, evidently attracted by a singer, whose voice sounded sweetly on the frosty air.

"Bah!" he exclaimed angrily, as he recognised the cause of the congregation. He turned away, but a street car clanged toward him. It stopped suddenly, imprisoning the sea Captain between the crowd and itself. Through the sudden silence the voice of the singer rang out clear as a ship's bell on a windless night. The words reached Jack's ears:

"At Peace with God—." He clenched his fist and swore savagely, drowning the rest of his song with his blasphemy. Then the street car started. Jack plunged onward.

He heard other music that night, but none gave him peace. Many voices whispered, but none spoke of God.

As Jack Murchison piloted his craft through the sea between Hull and New York during the ensuing year he often thought of that Christmastide, and not once did he dismiss memory without a shudder of disgust. Of much that occurred he remembered nothing. Of the song in the street he had no recollection, but other sights and sounds came back to darken the shadows of the most shameful yuletide on his gloomy calendar of life.

He was thinking of this one wild night, the twelfth day of storm which had tossed his vessel in ominous promise as soon as she left the shelter of the Irish Coast on her last trip of the year. Not for one moment had wind and wave ceased to hurry her. Underpowered in normal weather, the "Ptalmigan" had no reserve strength with which to fight the furies of a winter hurricane. Day and night had merged into one confused nightmare, odd moments of sleep in the tiny chart-room and half-cooked meals, brought on to the spray spattered bridge, alone breaking for her master the monotony of the dip and stagger across the seething ocean.

"What's the day?" Jack yelled into the ear of the mate, who kept the bridge. He had lost count in the storm.

"Christmas Eve, sir!" The mate's voice was half drowned by the scream of the wind in the rigging.

"Christmas—Eve!"

"Yes, sir—Missus'll be—he—hanging the kid's stockings up—soon!"

Christmas Eve! It was a year ago to the day that he had gone ashore in New York in search of a remedy for the sore sickness that burned within him. Twelve months since that colossal failure and still his heart yearned for rest! He lived at war with himself, he could not remember how many times he had thought himself at the end of his quest. Failure marked every step.

The Captain's brooding was rudely interrupted for the carpenter clambered from below and stood before him, the spray trickling down his unshaven face.

"Two—feet—water—in the forward hold sir," he gasped. "Gaining fast!"

Jack Murchison gripped the bridge rail. His uneasy knowledge of the "Ptalmigan" had not deceived him. A slight change in her lively step on the waves had prompted him to rouse the carpenter and ask for the sounding, which now confirmed his fear. He knew the fatal thinness of the ship's ancient plates and ground his teeth in rage at the cupidity of owners who sent men to fight the elements in such an unworthy craft.

"Gaining—fast sir?" repeated the carpenter, wondering if the silent captain had caught his words in the shriek of the storm.

"All right! Keep sounding!" was the reply, although Jack's mouth almost touched the carpenter's ear.

He hauled himself up the sloping bridge towards the mate and, leaning backward as the vessel crashed over in the opposite direction, passed on the news. A shouted consultation followed. Then climbing back toward the two figures who clung to the wheel, the mate gave the order to bring the vessel round into the wind and the captain threw over the handle of the engine room telegraph.

The force of the storm seemed to abate suddenly, as the "Ptalmigan" was hove to, her feeble opposition changed into sullen acquiescence.

Staggering about her slippery decks the crew toiled with frantic haste, for the news of the discovery in the hold had spread, and ere long ominous clatter of the pumps joined the chorus of dreadful sounds about the "Ptalmigan."

Perched on the bridge, which now rose and fell with regularity, as the stem of the vessel rode the mountainous waves, Jack Murchison detected a change in the tone of the wind as it strummed on the halyards of the funnel stays above his head.

They seemed to be repeating over and over again four notes of a tune which he had heard somewhere before. Facing possibility of death by the foundering of his ship, Jack found himself vastly irritated by this monotonous song. Where had he heard that tune before? Commencing on a low note it lifted up in four irregular steps and hung suspended like a pierce challenge, then it fell and the monotonous climb commenced.

"Five feet of water now, sir!" reported the mate. "She looks like—going—down—by—the-head!" His lips were dry and his eyes peered into the gloom ahead. Instead of the heaving sea he saw a woman hanging stockings over the rails of two little cots in a bedroom—far away.

Jack Murchison made no reply. Five feet of water in the hold solved him at a trifle thing beside the enigma of that tune on the funnel stays. He would go mad soon if he did not identify it.

"She's going—down—by—the—he—made the mate stolidly.

Jack threw off the spell with a roar and screamed into the mate's ear.

"All right! We must stick out the wireless bus!"

Five minutes later, Zip! The sailors shuddered as they crept along the rail to the leading hold. Everytide's perate courage could do was perfe darkness, but human effort was of

"Christmas Day in Hell!" murchison bitterly, clambering on again.

Arching their backs like great serpents, the black

The drone of the stays continued. Covering his eyes with his hand the Captain grinned heavily. Then he knew!

"At—Peace—With—God! At—Peace—With—God!"

That was the tune! Those were the words that the wind whirled from the taunt ringing. Out of the blackness came the memory of Christmas Eve on a New York street. He could hear the clang of the street car and the voice of the girl who sang the haunting tune: "At—Peace—with—God."

He pulled his son-wester over his ears, but the dreadful music penetrated. He stamped the deck, climbed down to the hatch top, swing perilously over the boat deck, but the voice in the wind he could not escape. He was doomed to listen.

"At—Peace—with—God. At—Peace—with—God."

The night wore on. From time to time news came of the pump's losing battle. Thirty miles away steamer thrashed toward the laboring "Ptalmigan."

The wind dropped slightly and the song of the waves became almost gentle.

"At—Peace—With—God."

Jack found himself repeating the words over and over again. He stopped short in his tramp as though he had made an astonishing discovery.

"That's just what I want!" he said and no longer fought to drown the words which sang through his mind. The turmoil in his heart changed from a rebellious "Why" to an eager "How."

A sense of the reality of God swept over him. He trembled violently as though confronted by a great Presence.

"At Peace with God—How? At Peace with God—How?"

The wind seemed to add his newborn question to the song.

"Can't live much longer!" shouted the mate.

Even so slightly the wind dropped again.

"At Peace with God—Now!"

Jack Murchison paced the bridge with feverish step. The bow of the "Ptalmigan" dropped lower.

New thoughts crowded in upon him. Was this the rest he had sought for so long, to come now? Why not? He shuddered and then dropped his head, scalding tears wending down his cheeks.

"Oh, God," he sobbed, "I'm so sick of things, lost my bearings somehow. I've made a mess of life. Take the bridge. I've lost myself. I'm through. How I want peace, anything for peace."

He raised his head suddenly, for a feeling of shame had shot through his heart. Across the wind there seemed to ring the echo of mocking laughter such as he had often heard before. The night seemed full of taunting devils, announcing to the world his weakness. Jack glanced furtively at the helmsmen, half expecting to see them pointing at him in ridicule, but their heads were bent over the wheel. They had not noticed.

He turned on his heel as though to shake himself free of his foolishness and, wrenching open the door of the chartroom, sat down before the open log book.

But the wind still sang, "At Peace with God."

From his far-off childhood days a long forgotten thought hurried into Jack's consciousness. "My peace I give unto you!" It sounded like a trumpet call in his ears.

Jack swung round on the chartroom stool, but no one was behind him. Great cold bolts of inspiration stood upon his forehead.

A flying wave hit the chartroom wall, shaking the structure violently. Jack dropped his head into his hands and groaned again.

"My peace I give unto you." They told me when I was a kid you said that. They said it was true. There was something about the world not like—world—can't remember now. Give it to me, God, anyway."

He rolled over, half falling as the vessel lurched into the trough of the sea and scrambling to his feet burst out into the tempest again. The storm within was greater than the storm without.

In and out of the chartroom he staggered during the following hour and his lips continually wore the words, "Peace" and "God," ground in almost agony of soul. He had been a bright Sunday School scholar and bits of texts came hurrying into his mind, words, phrases he had not heard on thought of for many years. He remembered that the words "sin and peace" were always spoken of as opposing forces and then came the word "forgiveness."

What was it? "If ye—if we con-

fess our sins He is—He is faithful. He is faithful and, something . . . to forgive us our sins and . . . there was more yet." He could almost hear his Sunday School teacher's voice.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and . . . he couldn't get that word—to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us, to cleanse us—from all unrighteousness!" That was it!

Jack gripped the rail of the swaying bridge and, staring out into the night where the dim white heads of the waves reared angrily around the laboring "Ptalmigan," he prayed again.

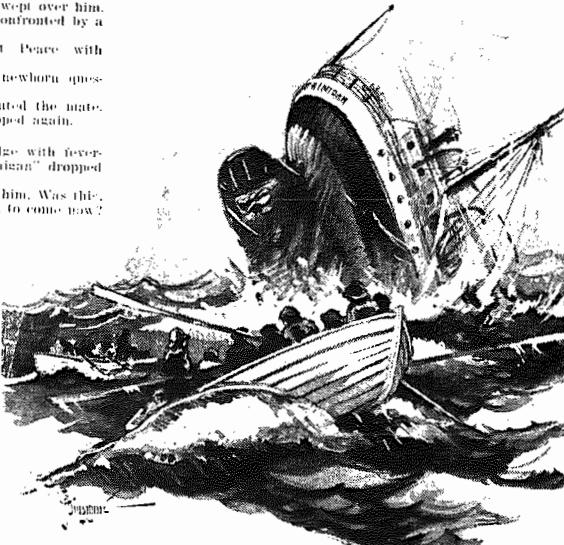
"Oh, God, this must end. It's got to finish now. I'm no scholar. Know more about ships than you, but I'm on the straight this time. God, I've been a rotter . . . so bad as I'd run away from myself now if I could. I'm all churched up inside to-night. If it's right what I learned at school, I'll confess the past. Please do forgive. I've a feeling You can. Clean me up, God. Give me a rest and a fair weather passage. I'm done up with the storm, inside me. Do it now, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

"At Peace with God," sang the gale in the rigging. Jack listened and then into the darkness sent an exultant cry.

"At Peace with God!"

It had happened! The storm had gone and left him with a lightness of heart he had not known for many years. He dare not ask himself "How?" or "Why?" lost a conflict burst upon his soul again. He could hardly breathe for the wonder of it.

"At Peace with God! The quest was over!



He heaved his shoulders with a great sigh. He felt as though some magical stream had swept through him, leaving him at rest. Christmas Day! What did the song say? "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!" Amazing thing. He understood!

The moon dropped into a bank of clouds and the wind sang in a lower key.

"Gaining still, sir!" said the mate. Jack Murchison wanted to shout for joy. Inspecting for the twentieth time the damaged ship he felt himself to be utterly without fear. Catching sight of his face in the light of a hurricane lamp, the mate frowned and felt afraid. The skipper had changed! For an hour after that Jack Murchison frequented the tiny chartroom, writing in his log.

With the first streak of dawn came the order to take to the boats. By a miracle two cutters got clear of the sinking ship. The captain's boat swung out.

"Lower away!" he cried. "I'll drop down in a moment." From the crest of a wave the shivering seamen in the mate's cutter saw the captain disappear into the chartroom and reappear carrying a brown leather cover which he dropped into the boat at the vessel's side.

The "Ptalmigan's" bow dipped suddenly and an agonized shout from the sea below made Jack Murchison, her master, turn his head.

He realised the meaning of the lurch and the shout and slashing wildly at the ropes with an axe that lay nearby, he yelled—

"Pull away! Pull away! Or you'll go, too!"

The men in the overloaded boat knew that his words were true.

One of them cried "Jump! For Heaven's sake, jump!" but the captain was looking away toward the dawn and did not seem to hear. Some of the sailors closed their eyes as they struck madly away from the ship. It is hard to see a brave man die.

They felt the frail craft tremble in the quarrel between oars and the suction from the sinking ship and, looking up, they saw her stern lift high in the air. Across the wind came the voice of the skipper, then a roar of escaping steam, a surge in the waters and the "Ptalmigan" was gone.

Resting wearily on their oars after the battle with the back wash subsided a little, one of the men whispered to his neighbor:

"What did the old man shout?"

"Dunno," was the reply. "Something about 'peace' and 'God.' I thought he said, but it couldn't be that unless he went mad."

"Perhaps he did. I saw him smiling like a happy child," a third remarked.

They did not spend long on the frothing sea, for the rescuing steamer soon appeared.

In the saloon the captain of the "Sunset" bent over the "Ptalmigan" log, found in the leather case which Jack had thrown into the boat he had died to save.

"Was he a religious man?" he asked curiously. Although feeling ill and cold, the "Ptalmigan" mate was forced to smile.

"Jack Murchison religious, sir?" "Of the dead, no evil, sir, but I never knew—"

"What does this mean, then?" the Captain enquired.

Gazing at the scrawled entries in the log, the mate saw under each quarter hour entry, words which he failed to understand. They were not navigation notes. Beginning at 2 a.m., they were scattered right down the page. 2:00 a.m.—Ship's position. Condition —, and then: Where is God? Who is God? Can He hear prayers? I think so.

2:15 a.m. If only the wind would stop that endless, "At Peace with God."

2:30 a.m. They told me it was true God could give me peace. Jesus said that. Didn't He die for poor devils like me?

2:45 a.m.—I don't know. I be Heve it's all true that God can give peace. What does it all mean?

3:00 a.m. It's got to end. I'm dying or else just beginning to live!

"So ran the rambling comments of a madman," so the skipper of the "Sunset" thought, in reality they read the log book of a soul's search for God.

The last entry read: "Found Peace with God. Can't say how and why, but it's happened. This is the end of all things. Shall never see the hand to tell, but I've found peace. The Little Salvation Army girl whose voice I cursed last Christmas Eve brought it to me on the storm. At Peace with God on Christmas Day. I wish I knew the rest."

The writing stopped abruptly.

"Did he lose his reason?" asked the captain of the rescuing ship.

"No, sir," said the mate. "But he seemed different. His face kind of shone. God rest his soul!"

"I think He will!" the Captain said. The mate told the story once, no more, and only then because he felt it was his duty to do so. But as he keeps his silent watches of the night, he often thinks of that Christmas morning and of one who, in the land of constant calm, patiently waited the coming of a Salvation lassie to finish her song—

The fear of death has gone forever. No more to cause my heart to grieve: There is a place, I do believe,

In Heaven for me beyond the river.

At peace with God!—no change can harm me, Whichever way my course may run;

One wish alone,—God's will be done,—

I seek, since I have known His mercy,

My soul has found a resting place, And I am now, thro' Jesus' grace,

At peace with God.

At peace with God!



Angel pinions fluttered, and angel voices sang,
All the way from Heaven down to earth Hosanas rang;
"Glory in the Highest," and "Let Peace Have Fullest Say;
"O Earth, Forget Thy Sadness, for a Saviour's Born To-day."

WE sat on the verandah of a home on a hill that overlooked a goodly city of the West. Tiny street cars and many autos threaded their ways back and forth along the thoroughfares. A railway train crept out of the depot toward us, on its way west through the Rockies. Only the tinkle of a bell carried by a goat feeding on the slope, and the chirping of two robins which had so far trusted human friendliness as to nest on the door ledge overhead, broke the stillness of our evening.

As we sat the dusk came down. "Look, see the lights," exclaimed one, as a section of the city became illuminated. Another and another section came on, here in the valley, there on the slopes, till the passing day became a dream, and over the basin and the terraced hills thousands of vivid lights were forcing back the elements of the night.

We said, "This is a Fairyland—almost Heaven," for marvellous was the twilight panorama of the city lights, whose blinking and twinkling, science could explain, where we could not.

And from the lights of the city we turned our eyes upward to the lights of the skies. Did you ever gaze up into the constellations? If not, one of the grandest inspirations awaits you. There you will view those marvellous evidences of Almighty power and handicraft; lose yourself in the revelation of the panorama of the worlds.

It was mid-summer, yet the suggestions were all of that other starry night, in December, in a far-away village on the side of a hill, where a Babe was born whose advent so enriched the earth, bringing the promised Saviour of a sinful race.

The wind fans our cheeks, yet cannot be seen. Fossils from Alberta's Red Deer River canyons establish the fact that mastodons trod the earth in prehistoric times. A Spirit lives in the world, rampant at Christmas. What is it? Where from? Come with me on quest—away back to Bethlehem, for there surely doth the quest begin.

How the simple story grips and thrills. Singers, poets, painters, philosophers, statesmen, have been obsessed thereby, have written, spoken and sung. Pain would I have thee tell it here, friend, for so utterly shall I fail to record that of which my heart is so full. To dip crystal pen in molten gold and write on silver parchment scroll would ne'er do justice. Another must inspire and direct while the story of the Herald Angels and the Shepherds and the Manger and the Wise Men is told yet once again; and, thus told, it shall be eloquent to one's own soul, if poorly so to others.

THE SHEPHERDS

On the same plains where Ruth gleaned and where she won the heart of Boaz; where Jacob lost his beloved Rachel, as recorded in Genesis 48: 7; where David cared for his father's sheep, where he slew the bear and the lion, and where he learned to sing those wonderful psalm-songs that to the end of time are to enrich the worship of all nations,—here, out under a rich blue sky, speckled with great silvery stars, just before the dawning of a new day, suddenly a group of shepherds uttered cries of surprise as a beautiful angel, with wide outstretched wings, came swiftly down the skies, making light all around him. He was coming directly toward them. He

came so near that they could not look upon his brightness; stood on the grass beside them, and they heard him say: "Be not afraid, for I bring you good tidings of great joy to all people. Jesus the Christ is born to-day in Bethlehem. You will find Him, a little child, wrapped in baby clothes, and lying in a manger." Never had they heard so sweet a voice. But as he ceased to speak their ears were ravished by the sweetest music that had ever come to earth like the singing of a multitude of voices, faint and far away. And looking up they saw a host of angels, more than they could count, with great soft wings, floating through the stars, down, down, toward the green earth, their white robes trailing, and shining wings outspread. And as they floated along above the green earth, clearer came that marvellous chorus, again and again: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good-will Toward Men." Air and earth were filled with the sound of it, and the plains were flooded with golden light, as if a window in Heaven had been opened. Passing over sleeping Bethlehem, they beat their way upward again, a Milky Way, toward the golden gates. Painter and painter became the slingers till the song was lost on the night wind, and the bright trail had faded among the lights of heaven.

Happy shepherds. In their peculiar calling, living out of doors with big, wonderful, kindly Nature, he had absorbed knowledge at its fountain-head, had seen all marvels of the skies but angels, and now their rapture was complete. There is never a Christmas thought but those shepherds are envied.

THE MANGER

Tradition has it that the actual place of His birth was a peasant's house or cave near the inn, but leave to me my precious literal reading of a real stable and manger. It fits into my conception of His mission and His great sacrifice,—of a King stooping to the very lowest.

Get the picture: The inn was full of pilgrims who had come back to their native village to be taxed by the Romans. Weary men and women and restless children were lying on the floors on all sides, wrapped in blankets. Outside in the compound were the asses and horses and camels, and within the stable, low lying cattle. No room in the inn, many were glad to share the stable shelter, among them anxious Joseph and his sweet young wife. No doubt he got straw and mats, and made it as comfortable as he could for her, fatigued and fainting. He would hang a mat over the doorway to shield her from the wind and from the passing gaze of others. And thus, amid the sounds of men's voices, jingling camel bells, trampling feet upon the pavement, and the yelping of dogs, Mary and Joseph prepared to spend their first night in Bethlehem. And that very night Jesus was born, in a stable, in the month of December, among straw, and with other people and animals near. And Mary wrapped Him in baby clothes, and laid Him gently in the manger-box, out of which horses fed. That was His first cradle.

Isn't it all lovely? And remember Mary was but a girl of fifteen; young to be a mother, but enviable among women as the mother of a Saviour.

How the shepherds came and verified the angel vision and song is simply told in the Good Book. How many strange but kindly faces bent over the little child as He lay there in His rude cradle, we can well surmise.

THE WISE MEN

Here is a story within a story, like precious stone set in gold. A new Star was seen when Christ was born. This Star guided the Magi from faraway Persia right to Bethlehem. They were rich, and were probably Jews, and were looking for the coming of the Messiah. See them riding their camels, those strange looking animals with long, thin legs and broad soft feet, which enabled them to travel very fast over the desert. Day by day they travelled for six long weeks, across sands and over stone hills. How they came to Jerusalem and enquired: "Where is He that is the King of the Jews?" how they reached Bethlehem in the early morning and rode in as soon as the gates were opened, how they unpacked their rich presents and bestowed them on the King, and how they rode away home by another way, so that Herod should not know where Jesus was—all this makes a beautiful story.

More beautiful still is the tradition of the ancient church that St. Thomas found. The Magi, after the Resurrection, told them the story of Jesus, and baptized them; and they went forth into distant countries preaching, and died as martyrs, receiving thus heavenly crowns from Him.

to whom, as a Babe, they had brought their early gifts.

How splendid this quest; how glorious their reward! They received heavenly crowns; crowns surpassing in brilliance all the gem studded coro- ments of earth; crowns fashioned in the crucible of Divine service. It from the torch of God, and placed upon their heads by the hands of Him Whom they had served so well. And thus it shall be with those who seek Him with that quality of perseverance without which all quest is vain. But only those who endure to the end shall wear the crown. A good beginning is grand, but it is the finish which governs the reward. Many start but few endure; many see the gleam but few follow it upward and onward into the presence of the King, who alone is the Giver of the things which count.

SEEKING

It may be accepted that all advancement in the world has been the result of persistent search into the unknown. When God created man, was it not an evidence of His wisdom that so little was imparted and so much left to man's own initiative? Everything needful was created, provided but man was to seek and appropriate. The quest was essential to the development of physical, mental and spiritual powers.

Here is Christopher Columbus, setting out in three caravels, whose prows are pointed right into the Sea of Darkness. For days and weeks he sails, till hope has well-nigh perished, and his sailors to a man are mutinous. One day more, and he must turn back; but that night the watch shouts: "I see a light," and at daybreak Espanola, America, has been discovered.

From St. Malo, in Brittany, Jacques Cartier sails courageously in his little ship, the "Petite Hermine," four hundred years ago; up the St. Lawrence, and here is a nation to-day, from one man's initiative.

It is a thrilling story, that of the man who chased an idea down the Long Trail, and became a benefactor to humanity. The man was Henry Hudson, the idea was the Pole, and the Long Trail was a passage through to China. Taking one small vessel and a crew of fourteen, he attempted that which has baffled every great navigator. Foiled after two months' battle over a tumbling world of waters and icebergs, of which the pen can scarce be denied the telling in detail, he later persists and discovers the Hudson River, and then, the great Hudson Bay, which was to be the pivotal point of the Hudson's Bay Company continental fur trade, and a first step in the opening of the Great West to settlement.

Of Amundsen's discovery of the south Pole, and Peary's of the North Pole, we may not write; nor how lands and seas everywhere have been travelled and charted.

One such expedition bears on Christmas, the recent and last voyage of Sir Ernest Shackleton to the Antarctic, in his tiny vessel of one hundred and twenty-five tons, named "The Quest." On Christmas Eve a terrific storm bursts, and Christmas cannot be kept till they reach South Georgia, nor was it kept then, for the great explorer had died at sea, and was buried on that land well called the "Gateway to the Antarctic." On that Christmas day in the storm, those on board came together. There were fourteen of them in all. Three had spent the previous Christmas at home; two were in Central Africa, and one each in Iceland, Singapore, New York, Hamburg, Lithuania, Mauritius, Rio, Cape Town and the China Seas. It was with a race of wanderers. By such has the sum of knowledge ever been increased.

Take the vast subject of Astronomy and see and know that Newton and Herschell and many more have given us such wonderful facts—the law of gravitation, the telescope, the calculations that there are from fifty-five millions to one thousand, eight hundred millions of stars, eight millions of which have been actually photographed; how the sun is a million times as large as the earth, and that some of the stars are much larger and thousands of times more luminous than the sun; of meteors, comets, planets, satellites and constellations.

Look into Medical Science. How profitable to tell at length of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, by viewing it through a tadpole's tail; of Koch and Pasteur, Lister, Kitastato the Jap, Rontgen, and this past year our own Canadian, Dr. Banting.

How agreeable it is to enlarge specially on the lives of the many who

have combined missionary effort with exploration of a lesser value.

David Livingstone, poor lad, in the glow of love which Christianity inspires, goes to Africa as a medical missionary. He becomes as well one of the greatest explorers. The stories of his travels are saturated with adventure. On one expedition water runs out, the children are obliged to live on caterpillars and great frogs, the tse-tse fly kills his animals. Transvaal Boers burn his mission house, and seek to kill him, determined to prevent the opening of the interior. On another journey the rivers are in flood. He drives through grass ten feet high, all his party are taken sick with the fever, except one boy. He climbs a tall tree to find the river, wades in water for three days, clothes and boots torn to shreds, knees bleeding; reaches the banks, finds an opening through the papyrus and vines made by a hippopotamus, launches his pontoon, paddles twenty miles to a village, and is conducted to the great Chief. On one trip overland to the Atlantic he travels one thousand five hundred miles, and arrives worn to a skeleton by fever and exposure. Another trip is made to the Indian Ocean overland, a terrible journey, with twenty-seven attacks of fever, once pursued by a buffalo, his canoe upset by a hippopotamus. He then visits England to rest and see his wife and family, then back again, taking his faithful Makalo helpers back to their jungle homes, according to promise. Of his loss to civilization for many years, how Stanley found him, but failed to persuade him to leave his spiritual children; of how he died in the wilds, his body transported to the sea on the shoulders of loyal porters, shipped to England, and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey among the great ones of the earth, I would write at greater length.

Volumes could be written of the Pilgrim Fathers; of the Wesleys and Jordsons and Careys, the Booths, the Moodys and Sankeys, the Torreys and Alexanders, who, like their Saviour, have gone out on a true quest, "to seek and save that which was lost."

We cannot dwell upon the quest of the inventor, the explorer, the patriot or the social reformer, save to remind ourselves that they as pioneers have dared and endured with the highest motive impelling them to the enrichment and profit not of themselves, but of multitudes of others.

In the desert, in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, on the Equator, in the depths of the mines, on the mountain peaks 30,000 feet in mid-air, or far beneath the surface of the sea, they fare forth a noble army, on a quest, with—as is inscribed on the cross over Captain Scott's grave in grim Antarctica—"One equal temper of heroic hearts To strive, to seek and not to yield."

We cannot but remember with gratitude the quest of William and Catherine Booth. They carried a flag which, wherever planted, has not only proved an incentive to multitudes to launch out on like service, imbued with the same spirit, but which has been the rallying point of the wronged, the outcast, the degraded and those in heathen darkness, the world over. Salvation and health—healing of soul, body and mind, and an uttermost Salvation, have followed the flag, the flag of their Quest. Could results be grander and more far reaching in influence and blessing?

THE GREAT QUEST

Yet methinks we may be missing the Great Thought; for, after all, and embraced in all else, is not the First Principle concealed?

Not on camel-back, nor astride horse or mule; not by boat or vessel, not by car or plane shall we travel, but over a SPIRITUAL HIGHWAY, as True Pilgrims. Seeking? Yes, seeking Him—each for himself—personal quest.

The real quest of the Shepherds and the Wise Men was not to find a Babe, nor even a King; it was to find a Saviour. OURS IS THE SAME. They found Him in a real as well as a literal way.

Our skies hold as many miracles as did theirs. We too shall be likewise guided; we, too, shall find. We shall find Him in every soul that is sick or lonely or sad, whose void may be filled.

And we shall find Him when OUR Bethlehem Star shall have given place to the Light of Perpetual Day, and OUR Great Quest hath ended inside the Gates of Pearl, at the Footstool of our Lord.



SEEK AND FIND

BY LIEUT. ETHEL ALLEN

You've been seeking long for Jesus
For you've felt your need of Him,
But you've failed because you're seeking
In the world for Heaven's King!
Know you not, poor weary seeker,
That the Christ is not found there?
You will find His habitation
In the secret place of prayer.

You have searched in worldly pleasures,
Sought amid the giddy throng
For the peace you so much needed
And the love that makes one strong;
But, alas, these broken cisterns
Have all failed you; and your quest
Has become a dreary failure!
You have not found joy or rest.

Faint not, seeker, by the pathway
Leading from the Cross of Christ
You will find your Lord and Saviour
Who will all your needs suffice.
He will give you living waters,
Causing you to thirst no more;
He will give the heavenly manna
And His blessings on you poor.

Leave the path you have been treading;
It but leads to dark despair!
Seek the cross and from it journey
To the Saviour's feet, for there
You will find your quest rewarded,
You will have your needs supplied
And go on your way rejoicing,
By the Master satisfied.



A Christmas Message from Newfoundland's Sub-Territorial Commander

THREE : : : CORONATIONS

BY COLONEL CLOUD

"Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour."

IN the first age, when men were permitted to live long lives, they conspired against God and had no room for His Spirit in their hearts. As a result He repented that He had made man. In the second, or prophetic age, God used His prophets to teach His Will. But His laws were disregarded; the voice of prophecy became silent, and during the subsequent seven hundred years Israel degenerated into a state of spiritual darkness.

Glad tidings of a brighter day were heralded by the Star of Bethlehem on that first Christmas, when "God did exalt Him (Jesus) to be a Prince and a Saviour." The Star of Bethlehem shone to bring the light of hope to a world enveloped in darkness and despair. Christ came from God, not a foreign God, but our God. In His advent He took upon Himself the supreme responsibility of the whole Universe. We, therefore, owe to Him supreme obedience, "Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." As He lay in the manger-throne, this Prince received the homage due to a King. The manger-throne was a real coronation. God was glorified through His Son.

By such a Prince every enemy will be crushed. We could not have in Him a Prince and not a Saviour. Therefore, in this Prince of Peace viewed as a Saviour, we find the ideal of Christendom. Omnipotent in love, He is able to save from the guilt and pollution of sin. He was exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour: the Prince and Author of true life, the King of Eternal Life, the Prince over the kings of the earth, our Ruler and our Governor.

From the manger-throne to the throne of Calvary He was obedient unto the death of the Cross. He learnt obedience by the things which He suffered and became a perfect Saviour and the Author of eternal Salvation.

Pilate, in his private interview with Christ, interrogated, "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" What took place in that interview was enough to convince Pilate that he was in the presence of a King. In fact, so convinced was Pilate, that he said to the populace who thirsted for His blood, "I find no fault in this Man." Pilate appealed to their pity. And then, the crown of thorns, the blood, and the mockery of an infuriated crowd, "Behold the Man!" Pilate appeals to the patriotic spirit of the Jews, "You have been looking for a Messiah and King." "We don't want the Messiah," was their cry. "We want a worldly king and kingdom." "Take Him," says Pilate. "I wash my hands, to indicate my innocence of His blood,"—and they crucified Him. The inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," was nailed to the Cross. The Jews pleaded for either the removal of this inscription or the alteration of it, but Pilate said, "What I have written I have written." Afterwards was He exalted. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged upon a tree."

John saw Christ sitting upon the Throne of His Father, and on His head were many crowns. To-day, people of the world are casting their trophies at His feet. Let this Christmas-tide be the coronation day. Will you crown Him King? Will you let Him take His rightful place upon the throne of your heart, and let Him hold the reins of government, controlling and regulating your life? Will you let Him sit upon the throne of your mentality? "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Will you let Him sit upon the throne of your affections? Then shall it come to pass that—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth its successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

He must rule. Just as He learned obedience to the Will of His Father, so must we if we desire to be partakers of His Kingdom.

JESUS OF NAZARETH

O CARPENTER of Nazareth!
O Jesus, best beloved!
O living Lord of life and death!
O Priest who best hast loved
The sinning and the sorrowing,
The weary and the wandering.
Our hearts are Thine to-day.

In olden time priests mocked at Thee,
Thou hast not known their schools,
Their shibboleths Thou utter'dst not,
Nor walk'dst by their rules.
"Unletter'd!" said they scornfully,
"Mad lies and madder blasphemy!"
Yet Thou art King to-day.

And still new light breaks forth from Thee,
And still the schoolmen cry
Against its glory violently,
Or coldly pass it by.
But seeking souls are won by it,
And mighty deeds are done by it
Thy name is praised to-day.

WHERE JESUS WAS BORN

IN a stable—contemptible in its meanness, degrading in its associations, forlorn in its appearance! By its rudeness of structure and separation from human inhabitants, suggesting a significance of birthplace for one who was to become an outcast—"despised and rejected of men."

How prophetic in its rude interior! What symbols of momentous and eternal happenings are its mishapen fittings!

The gnarled and knotted beams supporting the uneven roof throwing, in their distorted shadows, emblems that upon their like rugged forms was to be stretched this night's GIFT in the agonizing throes of the death of Jesus and the birth of a world's redeemer.

The unkempt shepherds hastening from their flocks upon Bethlehem hills are His first worshippers, significant of how the first place was ever given in the God-nature of Christ and the compassion of Jesus to the most lowly and most needy.

May we not discover in the flinty composition of floors and walls (the stable being partially a cave cut out of rock) the distant clatter of falling flints with which in manhood years they stoned His? And was not the whole of His first dark, inhospitable abode but a preliminary declaration of the whole life that was to follow, missioning the darker and poorer homes of sin and sorrow?

THE YEAR'S BRIGHTEST DAY

NOTHING marks so clearly the number of miles we have passed on life's journey as the way we think of the customs and festivities connected with Christmas. In the very young Christmas calls forth high animated spirits; the middle-aged can only enjoy it vicariously through children; to the old it is often a time of sad memories.

To all, however, who believe that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," it is the best and brightest day of all the year.

Yes, this is the main stream of joy from which all the other lesser rills conveyed in Christmas customs and observances trickle through the wilderness of life.

We are kind to children, for example, at this time especially, because Christ became a little child for us.

Our gifts to one another are memorials of the coming of the Magi with their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

We give more especial consideration to the poor at this season because Joseph and the Virgin Mary were of low estate.

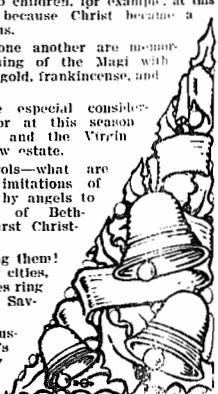
And the carols—what are they but poor imitations of the songs sung by angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem on the first Christmas night?

But let us sing them! Let us make our cities, towns and villages ring adoration to our Saviour and King.

Let us add lustre to the year's brightest day, by the quality of our service.



Mrs.
COLONEL CLOUD



The TEMPLE OF THE SLEEPING BUDDHA

MONGST the Hills to the West of Peking, and surrounded by stately old trees, is situated the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha, its yellow-tiled roofs, spacious courtyards, and picturesque goldfish ponds spanned by quaint marble bridges, making it one of the most beautiful Temples in the neighborhood of Peking. In the grounds of this old-world Temple the following article was written.

Each day, by ones and twos, or by whole families, one may see well-dressed, intelligent people, who have in many cases come from the city, by automobile, enter the Temple, place the sticks of burning incense in the holders, and prostrate themselves before the gross images of the heathen gods. At night one can hear the loud clang of the brass gongs and the monotonous chant of the priests as they stand in the dim light before the great images, solemnly performing their evening ceremonies. Truly the Buddha sleeps—not all the clanging of gongs nor wierd chanting of incantations can rouse him from slumber. "Eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not . . . They that make them are like unto them"—Psalm 115.

In the early dawn of civilisation there originated a race of people which has survived as a definite entity down to the present time, seeing many other Nations rise to great height of power and prosperity and then decline until their names are but a landmark in history. This people called their country the "Middle Kingdom," holding that it was the pivot of the whole earth, and to this day the Chinese speak of their Country by this term. This idea is strengthened by the fact that all foreigners are known to the Chinese as "Wai-kuo-jen," or outer-country people. Possibly the spirit of insulation has been the secret of the longevity of this people; while other Nations have sought by force to add to their possessions, the people of China have striven to conserve that which they already possessed. To compare the history of Western Nations with the history of China is to put those Nations in the position of young Schoolboys beside a shrewd old greybearded scholar. The schoolboys may be inclined to scoff at the leisurely gait of the old gentleman, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that the tree is not always to the swift, and he has yet untouched reserves of energy, and a potential strength beyond estimation.

It is an interesting fact that 5,000 years ago, when the British Isles were inhabited by savages, the Chinese people were highly civilised and lived in properly built and tiled houses; while in the 22nd Century, B.C., it is recorded that such was the high state of morality existing amongst the people, that no doors and windows were ever fastened, and stealing was absolutely unknown.

But there were dark and troublous days, as well as days rich in production and prosperity; great bands of barbarians swept down from the northern plains, killing and plundering. To meet this danger, the great Wall of China, one of the

Seven Wonders of the World, was built about 200 years B.C. Stretching from the sea coast in the East to the western deserts, the wall is over 1,500 miles in length. The builders refused to allow any obstacle to hinder them, and with incredible labor erected

the wall over mountain peaks and across the valleys. At the present time the wall is in a state of excellent preservation.

Mongols, Tartars and Manchus have from time to time, either by force of arms or by diplomacy, imposed their authority upon the country. Local insurrections, wars with other powers, in which China has been greatly humiliated, culminated in the Boxer rising of 1900, when the more thoughtful of the people realised that the systems which had operated in China from time immemorial, could not now be applied in the twentieth century.

The present state of the country is greatly to be deplored, and it is heart-aching to contemplate a great people, of which the middle and lower classes are as industrious as any people in the world,

working as they do every day in the year from dawn to dusk, in a country probably richer

in minerals than any other country, yet without any controlling power. Were it not for the inherent love of order and the simple, painstaking industry of the merchants and laboring class, one would have very little hope for the future.

Enemies of Christianity are not slow to take advantage of the present chaotic state of affairs in China, and are seeking by every possible means to instil anti-Christian ideas into the minds of the people. The following is an illustration of their methods. Within the last few weeks one of our Officers, stationed at a very important town, received from a British Bible Society some thousands of small copies of the Gospels for distribution. A Chinese convert who received a copy returned to the Officer and asked for an explanation of a certain page. To the Officer's surprise and concern, it was found that between the ease of Gospels leaving the Bible Society and arriving at its destination, it had been deliberately opened, the Gospels unstitched and restitched with a leaf of anti-Christian propaganda inserted. China to-day is certainly ready to listen to the message of Salvation, but there are very powerful forces of evil combating every effort, and the task of winning her for Christ can only be accomplished by the unflinching devotion of those who have taken upon themselves to be Ambassadors in the name of Christ, and the united faith of all who pray "Thy Kingdom come."

In the main streets of Peking to-day, and in fact in any Chinese city, may be seen splendid young men whose influence will largely affect the future of this country. Upon what foundation are they building their characters? What is the great purpose in their lives? The enlightening influences of modern education have swept away all the old superstitions and false ideas of worship, and the folly of the religions of the country is fully apparent to them. But what has taken the place of the old form of worship? In a great many cases, in fact, in the majority, agnosticism and materialism have taken complete possession, with no acknowledgement whatever of God. The first need of the young men of China is not intellectual development, but a spiritual development which will put them in touch with eternal verities, of which at



By
ADJUTANT J. SANSOM
Territorial Headquarters, China.

present they are experimentally ignorant. It is a great pity that the labor and money expended upon the development of the soul of the student in China is not on the same scale as that expended upon the development of his intellect. The results would be more beneficial both to China and the Kingdom of God.

The student body, however, is a small class compared with the great mass of the Chinese people. The visitor to Canada is impressed by the rolling Prairies or the majestic Rocky mountains; a visit to England leaves memories of green fields, and glorious gems of English countryside, but the stranger in China is impressed above all else by the great mass of people. The streets of the cities are never empty—all day an endless stream of humanity moves along, and at night one may hear the cries of street vendors, the shouts of rickshaw-boys, and the thousand and one sounds of cities that never sleep. Of the 400,000,000 population of China, there is not one in four hundred who has accepted Christianity, and there are still hundreds of millions who have never heard the name of Christ. Even in the centres of Missionary work, the large majority of people still adhere to their old beliefs. The Peking newspapers recently described a procession composed of Police officials and the Peking Fire Brigade, which marched to a local Temple to offer sacrifices and pray for a year immune from outbreaks of fire. The reader who has had the impression that China is rapidly throwing over her old religions would very soon realise that this is not so were he to reside here for a few weeks. The nation's only hope for liberation from its bonds, religious, political or social, is in the Atonement of our Saviour, and the Power of the Holy Spirit. And yet the great majority of the people are in utter darkness as to the claims of God. Do you realise this great fact? Think of the little girl in The Army's Home in Peking, who, at the close of her first Christmas Day in the Home prayed: "Thank you Jesus for this beautiful day—the very first time we ever knew it was your Birthday." This little girl represents millions of Chinese children who will grow up without any knowledge of God.



OUR LEADER'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

SEEING GOD'S STAR

"We have seen His Star . . . and are come to worship Him!" Matt. 2-2.



BY COMMISSIONER CHARLES SOWTON

A GREAT deal of importance is paid by all Eastern people to the Stars, and surely there is no part in the world where they shine so brightly as in the tropics.

Seldom in these northern latitudes does one see a really clear starlight night without a cloud, but in India, for instance, this is a common experience and the deep darkness of the Eastern night only seems to make God's lamps in the heavens shine forth with so much more brightness.

It was such a scene as this that Abraham saw when, as we read in the 15th Chapter of Genesis and the 5th verse, God brought him forth and told him to look toward the heavens and tell the stars

if he was able to number them—and promised that just as innumerable should his seed be. So, no wonder the Wise Men of the East, who, like their descendants of to-day, scanned the heavens constantly, quickly discerned a new star in spite of the countless others by which it was surrounded. How easily and quickly would they attach special importance to its brightness and to the fact that it shifted its position—and that Star led them to Christ.

But God still speaks to the world through His Stars:

1. **HIS WONDERS IN NATURE.** How hard the heart must be that fails to recognise the voice of God in the wonders of the heavens, the beauty of nature, or the marvels of creation—complete in every detail, perfect in arrangement and endless in variety. Surely these are all God's Stars inviting us to worship.
2. **HIS CALL IN OUR OWN LIVES.** The events large and small that make up our experiences from the cradle to the grave, the joys and sorrows, the happiness and suffering, the successes and disappointments all have their place in God's plan and can become blessings in disguise to lead us to Him, or goads to drive us further into selfishness and sin.
3. **HIS HAND IN THE HAPPENINGS AROUND US.** Surely God's purposes are being slowly worked out in the great upheavals of nations and the catastrophes on land and sea which we are witnessing around us. The great events which are transpiring, if not all brought about in accordance with God's will, are at any rate, turned to the accomplishment of His plans for the ultimate good of mankind.

All these things, therefore, and many others, are Start to call us to worship, but alas to so few, comparatively speaking, are they visible.

There is a story told of a young man who went into town from his father's farm one day to transact business, but on his way home an awful storm arose and the lad was in danger of losing his way and perishing in the blizzard. But his father, realising the boy's danger, got out his biggest storm lantern and fastened it to the ridge of the barn, so that the gleams of its light might shine through the storm far around. When still a long distance from home, and in danger of losing his way, the lad saw the light, and while sometimes he would lose it when down in the valley it still shone ahead of him when he reached the top of the hill, until at last he came to where it was and found that it had led him home.

God's Stars in the heavens, and on life's journey, also in the events around us, are all there for the purpose of calling us to worship the King of Glory and leading us Home.

May we then look for them, see them, and follow where they lead; and may the message of the Stars this Christmastide bring us all nearer to Him and incite us not only to deeper devotion but to more practical wholehearted service for His cause and Kingdom and on behalf of those He came to save.

To Our Friends



IT is impossible in any one issue of our paper to touch all or even the main activities of The Salvation Army. Our Christmas and Easter Numbers reach thousands of friends who would, we are sure, like to have more news of what God is helping the Organization to do for the betterment of the world. "The War Cry" may be obtained weekly from local Corps, or by subscription sent direct to the Publisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.



ANY friends desirous of studying the doctrines, principles, and methods of The Salvation Army can obtain books by its Founder and The Army Mother, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by leading Officers, from the Trade Secretary at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto.



INQUIRIES concerning anything connected with The Army will gladly be answered if addressed to the Commissioner at Territorial Headquarters, and statements of account and balance sheets, which, duly audited by firms of repute, are published annually, will be forwarded upon application.



THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of the Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda.

Founder General William Booth

Bramwell Booth International Headquarters, England

Territorial Commander Commissioner Charles Sowton, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

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CHRIST IS BORN

By Staff-Captain Charles Collier

OTIDINGS sweet and glorious, In the Lord's unfolding plan Christ is born, to fight victorious 'Gainst the foes of God and man. While angel hosts are singing, Let us join their gladsome song; Till the universe is ringing With its cadence free and strong.

Chorus

Joyful news, unto you Christ is born your Saviour King. Joyful news, ever true Let us join His praise to sing.

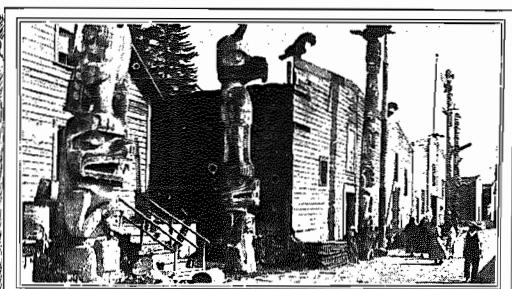
Though born a lowly stranger, Of a kingly line He came; Though He shared the cattle manger,

Yet Messiah was His name. The promise God had given He in wondrous might fulfilled, Now the gates of death are riven, With His love glad hearts are thrilled.

From Heavenly heights descending He with mortals still would dwell. All our ways and days attending, God with us—Emmanuel. Let us with joy receive Him, Hearts and homes and lives to bless, Never more forget or grieve Him, All our hearts He shall possess.

Amongst THE Redskins

GLAD TIDINGS PROCLAIMED IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALASKA



WHAT a happy task to write of Alaska, Northern British Columbia, and its native peoples. Native? Aye, for here are true natives. We are wont to call citizens of the Southern Republic by the name of "Americans," whereas they are really "Uni-statans." But here, among the sea-girt islets and along the rock-bound coasts of Alaska, are to be found the true Americans.

And, be it known, this species of the human race has a history and pedigree of which we whites scarce can boast. Long before the intrepid De Soto followed the winding Mississippi northward; long before Balboa first set eye upon the mighty Pacific; yes, and even centuries before the dauntless viking Lief Ericsson set foot upon the new world mainland in the year 1000 A.D., were these dusky-skinned people of Alaska in possession of an unique civilization. Here the proud tribal chiefs smoked their pipes of peace; here conflicting tribes met in death-grip battles, while tom-toms beat and war-whoops shook the stately forests; here these pre-historic redmen tilled the soil and bartered their stuffs; here the black-eyed, lithe-limbed Indian children frolicked among the foothills, chased deer on the sunny slopes, and from skilful hands learned the art of crude native warfare. Yes, and of the primeval forests were stirred by weird funeral chants, as one by one the proud warriors of their race went to the "Happy Hunting Grounds," where steeds never tire and roebucks numberless enliven the New Land.

They were a great people were these first Americans. True, they had no Christ—yet the inborn instinct of worship that impels the heathen of all climes to believe in the infinite led these children of the north-west to bend knee to totem pole, pray to the sun's fiery orb, and suffer tortuous penances to appease imaginary angry spirits.

It was among such a people that, in 1879, the Rev. Robert Tomlinson boldly attempted to establish a Protestant Mission. Not many miles from where the old historic village of Kispox now stands, this pioneer for Christ sought to establish a distinctly Christian village, where all who would renounce their idols might occupy their claims of land unopposed. As a young bride of seventeen his wife partnered him through journeys many and perils oft. Mrs. Tomlinson still lives, and it is her delight to narrate of those thrilling early day conquests. It will interest readers to know that two sons of this missionary couple married Salvationist girls, and to-day they help in furthering the splendid work which their parents pioneered.

It was about 1898 that a Salvation Army Captain was first sent to commence operations among the natives. Glen Vowell, which is now nominally a salvation Army village, was the first point of attack. To-day, after twenty-four years of effort we may boast of a thriving Army of uniformed Salvationists. There is also a creditable group of buildings, including Citadels, Officers' Quarters and School-houses. The acorn has become an oak.

Adjutant Jackson of Regina, who was stationed for a number of years in Alaska, relates a rather romantic story of an heroic Indian maiden who frustrated the murderous schemings of her own people, that they might not have a "white teacher" sent them.

In a certain village of the upper Skeena River there grew a feeling of the white man's injustice, which led to a plan to march on the nearest "white" village and massacre the people. At the most, there were but a handful of settlers, who could make but little resistance against a surprise attack of infuriated Indians. It so happened that in this village were some who had met with The Salvation Army at the Coast, and among them was a young girl, who resolved to slip away and inform the Indian Agent of the proposed attack. She, with others in her village, despatched The Army to seek teachers to her people. She realized that any assault upon the white men would make this impossible and would place greater limitations on her tribe. So, leaving the excited crowd, she made her way to the banks of the rushing Skeena, where her canoe was safely fastened, and in the dead of night crossed those perilous waters, then, on foot, trudged her way through the dense wood to the white settlement many miles away.



Only those who are acquainted with the route can fully understand what such a trip would mean, but on went Mary until the early hours of the morning found her at the Agent's door. She soon informed him of the Indian uprising and with all possible haste protective preparations were made. A fort was erected, the "whites" gathered within, and long before the Indian attacking party arrived their scouts had returned to inform them of the armed force of waiting white men; thus, beaten in their purpose they retreated without making further trouble.

that, in response to many these Indians, and he soon sinful customs. However, the new converts met with great persecution from their own people, and in order to maintain rest and order the Government gave a stretch of land, which is now known as Glen Vowell, to the Christian natives who desired to leave their tribe and serve God in peace. This opportunity was gladly embraced and it was thus Glen Vowell came into being. An Army Hall was quickly built and for many years now a successful work has been carried on among the Kispiox Indians.

The Army work in these northern parts took on a new lease of life when Canada West was favored with its "very own" Territorial Commanders, who were none other than Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton.

In the coffers of valued memories the Commissioners have treasured many happy hours spent among these isolated peoples. Of exceptional interest were the annual Congress gatherings at Port Essington or Glen Vowell when "The Big White Chiefs," as the Commissioners were called, would visit the northern trail and meet their red-skinned Soldiers in Council. These were times of excitement, rejoicing, religious fervor, and soul-winning. The natives for many miles around flocked to the appointed Mecca, for The Army's unusual methods proved a tempting attraction. It is distinctive mark of Indian character that he has a weakness for "war-paint" so that the scarlet guerrney, the ponderous bass drum, the red Sergeant's stripes, and the shining cornet, proved quite to his liking.

Readers, remember when you pray that, out there towards the sun-setting, is a Little Army of happy Blood-and-Fire Salvationists who are tirelessly proclaiming Jesus Christ as the Universal Remedy for all human ills, even as you and I do.

Look at the picture above. Is he not worth saving? He is now a Corps Sergeant-Major, and by blood a Kispiox Indian.

It is worthy of emphasis that Major Robert Smith, who has retired in Victoria, B.C., was the pioneer of Salvation Army work amongst the Indians in Alaska. For thirteen long years he, with his faithful wife, labored for the Salvation of the Redskins, and when this is remembered, it is easy to understand that his name is greatly reverenced by these peoples of the far North-west.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Carruthers are now in charge of Salvation Army service in Northern British Columbia and Alaska. With Headquarters at Wrangell they are entrusted with the oversight of one of the most interesting and at the same time one of the most difficult of all Salvation Army missionary enterprises. Then Commandant Bryanton, who lives in the esteem of many Officers not only in the Western part of our great Dominion, but also back here in the East, is looking after The Army's Day School at Glen Vowell, B.C., and by her splendid work and whole-hearted devotion to her sacred charge, she is helping to spread the glad tidings of Him Whose Nativity we are now commemorating.



A FIERCE storm was raging in a great forest, on the borders of which stood the log hut of a Woodman.

The wind howled and shrieked and the snow hissed upon the small window in sudden gusts. The great trees groaned and creaked under the blast and every now and then the sharp crack of broken branches could be heard as they were torn from the forest giants.

Inside the hut, all was bright and warm and cheerful. The Woodman sat by the fire, resting after his day's work. Ivan, his little boy, sat curled up at his father's feet deep in the adventures of some bad rabbits. From another room came the sound of singing; a sweet girl's voice rose and fell in the hush or rush of the storm.

Presently the door opened and the singer came in. She was a tall, slim girl of twelve years, with curly brown hair and steady grey eyes and lips that smiled readily.

"How the wind blows to-night, father: it's worse at the back. I began to wonder if it would blow the hut down."

Hildegarde, as she spoke, set a steaming dish on the small round table that stood near the fire beside her father's chair, then she set chairs for herself and Ivan, her small brown hands moving deftly, though her eyes were large with anxiety.

"No, child," said the Woodman, laying a hand reassuringly on the girl's shoulder as he turned to the supper table and began ladling out the savory soup into the plates. "This place has weathered many a worst storm than this. The home is safe enough, so don't fear."

"Sis is afraid. She's only a girl," said six-year-old Ivan with fine scorn. "I'm not a bit afraid father—but then I'm a boy, aren't I? I couldn't be."

"Not even of spiders?" asked Hildegarde slyly.

"Spiders," said Ivan, reddening, "of course not."

"It's not so very long ago you came begging me to take one off your pillow because you didn't like to go to bed, and I had to take it away," laughed the girl.

"Oh that's different, that's a girl's work," and Ivan raised a spoonful of the delicious soup to his lips.

A silence fell. The silence that comes for a second or two in the midst of the greatest storms when for a moment the wind sweeps away only to return with redoubled fury.

The children had been shouting to each other, for the splitting and tearing sounds in the forest were deafening. Two years ago the children had lost their mother and the Woodman the wife he had loved so well. Since that time little Hildegarde had done her best to make her father happy and be a mother to Ivan. She scrubbed and washed and cooked and mended and all day sang about her work. Little Ivan did what he could to help. He gathered sticks for the fire and berries in their season and knew where the birds built and the furry animals lived. The children were seldom lonely though their father was away all day. Sometimes he took them to the nearest town to buy stores and clothes, for though they were poor, they were frugal and had enough.

As the full came for a moment Ivan pushed

back his plate and spoon, but Hildegarde held up her hand.

"Listen!" she said, "what was that?"

"Nothing but the wind, little one," said her father kindly as he picked up a paper and sat down in his chair by the fire. "Best try and forget it."

"But, father, I heard a knock," Hildegarde said with startled eyes. "Who can it be—and to-night?"

"You are dreaming, Hill. Let's wash up and forget the outside, it's cosy enough in here," said the little boy, seeing that his sister was really frightened.

"But I'm sure I heard a knock. There it is again," persisted Hildegarde.

This time they had all heard it, and the Woodman rose to his feet. "I'll see, but I expect it's only the trees. No one comes here on such a night."

As he spoke, he took down the heavy wooden bar from the door and raised the latch, but the furious wind burst the door open, knocking down little Ivan with its force, and almost hurled into the astonished Woodman's arms a child covered with snow and drenched to the skin.

"Hildegarde—Hildegarde!" called the man over his shoulder, but though he shouted at the top of his voice, no sound was heard.

But Hildegarde, who at first had stood with eyes and mouth wide open, now ran forward and caught the child in her arms as he fell whilst her father struggled with the door. After some difficulty he shut and made it fast again. Then, silent with the effort and astonishment, he stood looking down at the boy who was now kneeling by the fire beside Hildegarde, who was rubbing his hands. The snow was melting and little streams of water began to run over the floor in every direction from where he knelt. His golden hair hung uncurled and damp, his face, which was very beautiful, was blue with cold, but even so, not quite so blue as the wonderful eyes under their dark lashes.

"How did you come in the forest on such a night?" asked the Woodman presently. But the child made no answer, his teeth chattered pitifully.

"We must get him to bed, father, he can go in Ivan's and I can sleep with you for the night," said Hildegarde who was taking off the wet clothes of the little boy and wrapping a large blanket round him with gentle hands. "Ivan, give me some of the broth, I will feed him and then father can put him to bed."

So, lovingly and carefully, they all waited on the little stranger and then the Woodman carried him in his strong arms to the small bed where Ivan generally slept, warmed and comforted. No sooner was the child's head on the pillow than he was asleep.

"Who is he? Where does he come from, father?" asked Hildegarde as the Woodman returned to the fire and stood looking thoughtfully down into it.

"He must have got lost in the forest, though I am puzzled as to who he can be. I know all the people around, and he belongs to none of them. And I've heard tell of no visitors at the Castle. But someone will be in some trouble to-night, I reckon, over him. When the storm has lessened I will go and find out. Now children, to bed and sleep if you can."

They all slept at last, worn out by the storm and the excitement of the night. When they awoke it was late and the wind was gone; the sun was shining over the soaking earth, but the little bed in the corner of the Woodman's room was empty.

No trace was to be found of the child who had sought refuge in the hut. The Woodman searched far and wide and made enquiries of all the neighbors poor and rich, but no one knew the child or had heard of any like him in the region of the forest.

Many weeks had passed. Snow and ice had given place to warm days, sun and flowers. Hildegarde and Ivan often talked of the forest or worked at home.

"How did he get out of the hut, Hill?" asked Ivan one day for the twentieth time.

"Oh, the kitchen window," said the girl, "you have done that, Ivan, when he has locked the door by mistake."

"Yes, but how could he find out of the catch?"

"Loy knows everything, don't they?" turned his sister mischievously. "See, there he will wait dinner," and she ran toward home.

"Have you heard any music, children?" asked the Woodman as the panting boy and girl reached his side. He was standing at the door, the fire still listening.

"Music? No, where?"

"Hush, Ivan, I hear it," whispered Hildegarde, awe-struck. "Listen!"

In the distance exquisite strains of music could be faintly heard growing more distinct each moment. All eyes turned up the green opening in the forest whence the sounds came, eyes that grew wide in astonishment and bright with wonder, for no music but that of bent or buri ever broke the stillness round the Woodman's hut.

Nearer and louder grew the music and then a procession of richly dressed figures came into sight. They were playing as they walked, a little in advance of them at their head and a little in advance of the figure of a lovely golden-haired blue-eyed boy. He was dressed all in white, richly embroidered in silver and in one hand he held the branch of a tree.

"Father, it's the boy—the boy who came to us," stammered Hildegarde. "What does it mean? Oh father!" The music ceased as the procession came to a stand, and the beautiful boy, advancing alone, came and stood straight and noble before the Woodman and his children and spoke.

"Sir," he said, and his voice was like an echo of the sweetest music, "I have come to thank you for your goodness to me. I fear you thought me ungrateful, but I could not come before to thank you on behalf of my Father and myself for saving the life of the King's son. To show you how we appreciate your kindness to a stranger I have brought you a gift. Take this branch and plant it, and each year on the anniversary of the day you saved my life this branch will bear golden fruit for you and yours."

A wonderful smile for the moment irradiated his face and fell upon the little group who gazed speechless as he turned away and took up his place at the head of the procession. Amid strains of music the boy and his followers passed out of sight.

Thus did I dream on Christmas eve, and I wouldn't be without that dream for much gold. If I hope that the reading of it brings to you the same quality of uplift that it provides for me, then I am hoping for a big hope for you this Christmas-tide.



EVERY SALVATIONIST A TORCH BEARER

THE ardor of misdirected zeal, the fiendish cruelty of depraved human nature, the ingenuity of the powers of darkness working through lives of men have all united in frantic endeavor to extinguish the tiny point of light lit when Christ Jesus was born in a stable nearly two thousand years ago. But such efforts have been in vain. The light has spread and, praise God, is spreading, until all the world shall some day be illumined by the pure white radiance of the Love of God! All this because He was no ordinary child, no humanly perfect babe who grew up to be a perfect man. He was the Son of God!

The light has not always burnt brightly. The degenerate heart of man has found it difficult to believe in Him. Professing Christian men have mocked Him by their hypocrisy, struggling with puny impotence against His power, men have denied Him and died denouncing His sacred Name. But in every age God has had His faithful people. They have passed on the news, cherishing the flickering flame, feeding it with their own life's blood. Down through ages of persecution, indifference and unbelief, the light has come. As the need arose, so God found men willing to stand boldly for Him, until, in our own time, to meet a special need, He raised up the great Salvation Army.

As in the Roman sports of ancient days the exhausted runner passed on the lighted torch, so the light of Christ's great Message has been passed from the cradle of Bethlehem down the intervening years, until to-day Salvationists are bearing it with joyful hearts and happy song into all the corners of the earth.

This is the true significance of Christmas. We celebrate the beginning of a New Dispensation. It is beyond the power of the human mind to conceive the magnitude of the event in its true proportions. If Christ had not lived, we should be existing without hope. The imagination reels at the very thought of Canada without a Saviour, our land condemned to perpetual darkness, evil without remedy destroying its people, moral chaos causing physical disaster! A land without a Church or Chapel or Army Hall—sad, indeed, would be our state! But it is not so! The light has been given us, and its rays make beautiful the pathway ahead.

"Given us," did we say? Nay! "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." To darkest Africa, to heathen India and superstitious China, as well as to exciting Christendom, is the light given. The children of God are entrusted with the Divine mission of carrying the radiance of His love into lands where His blessed Name is not known. In former ages men gave their lives that we might learn of the birth of Christ in distant Palestine. To-day we are called to devote our lives to the passing on of the glorious news.

How thankful we should be that The Salvation Army is engaged in the glorious task! Its Officers and Soldiers have gone out into all the world declaring the wonderful truth of His birth and death and glorious resurrection, and that all men through Him might be saved. By the help of God much has been done, but there is all more to do.

At this solemn season of the year, set above all others as the embodiment of the beginning of the hope that is within us, we would appeal to all our comrades that, in the mist of their joy, they think a little of what Christmas means to them, far from it being a mere time of rest and happiness, it comes to each and every one with the solemn call to service. The light must spread over all the world, and we must be the torch-bearers.

Greetings from Representative Officers

FROM THE FIELD SECRETARY.

WHAT floodtides of joy we may experience at Christmas time if we keep well in view the chief and real idea of Christmas:—

THE CHRIST. He whose name shall be called "Wonderful," "Counsellor," "The Mighty God," "The Eternal Father," "The Prince of Peace;" Who came to bring Peace on Earth and Goodwill to men.

Our joys will be few and incomplete if Christmas consists only of feasting and self-gratification. Let us endeavor to do as described in Nehemiah, 8th chapter: "Eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; neither be ye sorry for the joy of the Lord is your Strength."

Look well after the spiritual and temporal needs of all those about you, and let the Prince of Peace ever be the Abiding Guest of your own heart.

Wishing all our Field Officers laboring in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda, and our Missionary Officers in far distant lands, all Christmas joys, and a very Happy and useful New Year in the Master's service.

GIDEON MILLER, Lieut.-Colonel.

FROM THE Y.P. SECRETARY.

MY first word is one of thanks to those who have given such wholehearted service to the blessing and saving of the children and the young people during the past year. God has honored your labors in a wonderful way, and to Him we give the glory for every achievement made.

Past achievements give to us great encouragement for the future. My wish for you at this season of the year is that the spirit of Jesus may be with you in greater measure during the coming year; thus stirring your hearts with greater zeal to make 1924 a banner year in deed and truth, in every branch of the Young People's Work. I know of no better way than to this make a bigger and better Salvation Army. Let our motto be—"Christ for the young and the young for Christ."

Mrs. Morehen and the Staff of the Young People's Department join with me in wishing you a very blessed Christmas and a Happy and Holy New Year.

WILLIAM MOREHEN, Lieut.-Colonel.

FROM THE PRINTING MANAGER.

LET us be Optimists! The best days are yet to come! Let that conviction correctly interpret our outlook on life and duty, as well as our attitude towards spiritual things. The spirit of Christmas should not die with the day. Let's carry it into 1924. We like the Christmas season not so much because we receive gifts from our circle of personal friends, but rather because we make them gifts ourselves. It's the liberal soul that flourishes. No man was ever miserable because he sacrificed time or money for the cause of Christ. No Corps ever suffered because it gave its best. Soldiers to the work as Candidates, and no Country ever improved because it sent some of its finest Officers over to the Mission Field.

Let us make 1924 a happy year, full of optimistic effort, and let it find us ready to give God all we have gladly, ungrudgingly, and readily.

GEORGE ATTWELL, Brigadier.

FROM THE TRADE SECRETARY.

AT this season of goodwill, the Trade Secretary wishes to extend to Comrades and friends, far and near, sincere Christmas greetings. To those who have patronized the Department, we send our thanks and expressions of pleasure at being able to serve you.

The Department has enjoyed a year of reasonable prosperity, and I trust to my becoming more useful as the months and years go by. Our object is not only to carry on a much-needed business, but we pray that as much produced on instruments sold by us goes forth, it may carry the message of Salvation to many who might otherwise never hear it, and that the wearers of our uniforms may be living advertisements of the same glorious message.

Praying His Kingdom may come throughout the New Year into the hearts and lives of many who are yet strangers to His saving power.

JAS. E. CALVERT, Staff-Captain.

FROM THE TRAINING PRINCIPAL

I APPRECIATE this opportunity of sending greetings to Comrades, old and young. How strong is the chain which binds us together in this great Army circle of comradeship. As the years pass by the measure of our indolentness to God and our wonderful Salvation Army deepens, and with it comes increased responsibility. But in aid through Him Whose Nativity we never tire of commemorating, whose grace is sufficient for every need; whose love never

wavers and Who neither slumbers nor sleeps, let us keep the upward look and marching onward in His strength we shall go from victory unto victory until the Crowning Day dawns and we dwell with Him forever.

WILLIAM BETTRIDGE, Lieut.-Colonel.

FROM THE SOCIAL SECRETARY.

To my fellow workers in The Salvation Army's scheme of Social and Spiritual Regeneration.—

AT this season of rejoicing, because of the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem, I send you greetings and thanks. We have much to thank God for. During the past year our agencies in the Prisons and Industrial centres have been linked on with soul-saving activities, and as a result fallen men have been reclaimed, families have been rehabilitated, husbands and wives united and through our Meetings they have been saved; and we bless God that many are now wearing Salvation Army uniform and fighting as good Soldiers in our ranks.

We have every reason to rejoice and join in the glorious anthem, "Hail, the Heavnen-born Prince of Peace."

HENRY E. OTWAY, Colonel.

THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY.

SOON will dawn another Christmas Day. With what glad anticipations we look forward to the sacred celebration of the anniversary of the birth of our Lord and Master. How bland life would be for us if we had no such strong and sweet companionship as His Presence. More and more as the days pass by the realisation of my acceptance with Him gladdens my heart, guides my way and inspires me to increased service on behalf of the erring ones.

To my sister Comrades, whom I am honoured to lead in Canada's branch of The Salvation Army's wonderful Women's Social Work, and to all who spend their days in ministering with loving hands and hearts to the needy, I send Christmas greetings. May cheer and joy surpassing description be your portion, and may the touch of Him Whom we adore be upon you and all whom you love and serve.

LUTIE DESBRISAY, Brigadier.

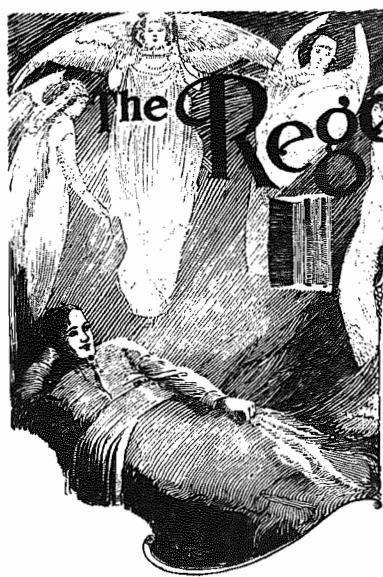
FROM A FIELD OFFICER.

RETINGS. Comrades one and all! May we join in fresh this Christmaside in the Song of the Angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward men."

The greatest events of history have given birth to the greatest songs. The siege of Troy inspired the song of Homer, and the fall of man that immortal "Paradise Lost." Miriam's song got its thrill from the Red Sea triumph. The magnificent of Mary and the Benedicts of Zacharias are the human accompaniment of this startling midnight song of the Songsters of Heaven, the Harpers of God.

Go on, Salvation Comrades. Swell out, multiply your praises, your expressions of gratitude to God, "that the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

FRANK HAM, Adjutant.



The Reconversion of Gambler Tom

"IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME"
By STAFF CAPTAIN EDWIN CLAYTON

creatures, the Young People's Sergeant-Major of the W— Corps decided he would visit house to house on the street where the subject of our story lived. As he approached the home he had misgivings as to whether he should enter or not. Knock, knock, was completed while he still wondered whether he would do so or not.

"Good evening, lady," he said as Mrs. Tom faced him. "I am enlisting the help of parents to send their children to Company Meeting and hope you will send yours." Being a shrewd man he saw that his conversation somewhat upset the woman. He was soon inside hearing how a kind Army woman supplied work, the awful mastery of gambling over her husband and many other sad incidents connected with the home-life of Mrs. Tom. He offered a prayer before he left and promised to pray for the husband, also he exacted a promise that the son should attend Company Meeting the following Sunday.

The Army Meeting—bright singing and Uniforms, Company Guards—all fascinated the young fellow, and ere many weeks passed he was singing Army songs in the home. His mother also started attending Meetings at the Citadel and one Sunday night, amongst the long row of penitents, knelt Mrs. Tom seeking forgiveness, weeping his little heart out by her side was the boy.

Her new found joy was a bright gem, work seemed to come in larger quantities and things generally looked brighter.

Her husband was still living his life, and the brother with this Army and its religion," he remarked one day, "and for standing on the street corner, it seems out of place."

This did not deter his wife from doing her duty as a Soldier, and constantly prayers were made in the husband's behalf, both at the Corps and at home. Several Comrades tried to help him, but it was of no use; he didn't want to associate with religion at all, and as for The Army—well, he could get on without it.

A few weeks and Christmas would be here; everywhere the stores were presenting their wares in the best possible manner and citizens vied with each other as to who could create the happiest atmosphere. The streets were filled with jolly people and the world seemed a pleasant habitation.

"What's the matter?" was the expression from many lips as a crowd moved quickly towards a spot where another crowd had gathered. "They got 'im at last," said an observer. The police were taking four men to jail and poor Tom was one of the quartette.

"Send for my wife," he requested on arrival at the police station, and she in turn, hearing of her husband's plight, went for the Officer, who had become deeply interested in Mrs. Tom.

"Well, I don't care what happens next," soliloquized Tom, as he emerged from the house in which he had spent another evening gambling with his friends, it may easily be judged such a statement would not have been uttered had he won instead of losing even that which was not rightfully his. As he wheeled around the corner, the bustle of pedestrians and the sound of many feet crunching the icy snow upon the street pavements, almost extinguished the vociferous exorts of the newsboys selling the racing special. Only those with "heart-fire" for such information even gave the paper a thought. Tom's passion for gambling was one that possessed him soul and body, and as he glanced up and down the sheet only to find further losses to his heavy list, oaths fell from his lips in frenzied crescendo until a kind citizen urged him to move off or else he might land in the hands of the police.

Home, if it can be termed such, was eventually reached. It would be of little interest to describe it, yet on his arrival the same sight met his eyes—his wife and six-year-old boy, whom he had again and again promised to defend and support, were huddled together trying to keep warm.

"Anything to eat?" he asked his wife in gruff tones.

"N-n-no," she replied. "There is nothing to eat in the house, neither have I any money to purchase more food."

It should be related that Mrs. Tom had worked every day, paid the rent and supplied food for many a month past, and knowing how he would delight to grab the odd cents she possessed, she never let Tom into the secret of her earthly possessions.

For a change, instead of abusing his wife, he started for bed. His room was but four walls, a rickety bed, very little clothing; yet everything was spotlessly clean.

Some days his frenzied spirit was somewhat appeased by news that keyed him up to ecstasies of delight, only to find again it was 'loss', many times in comparison to gain, and thus days came and went, without any real knowledge of why and how he existed coming to him.

The wife through the kindness of friends, amongst whom is to be numbered The Salvation Army, was able to find work and thus keep the home together and clothe and feed her boy and self.

As in the case of all wrong doing, sin begets sin, like a snow ball started in the hands of a child, then rolled and rolled on the ground until it becomes too large for the child to move, so did the passion possess Tom, and while at times he became repentant, he realised doom was near at hand.

Strange, and yet not so, as God always leads aright and sees much farther ahead than His

To make a long story brief, Tom was sent down for three months and at first the sentence caused him to become sour. During his term The Army of the Helping Hand brought cheer to those in prison by giving a Christmas dinner and a programme of music and song. For the first time in his life the message became interesting and after he had retired for the night the words:

"Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

were constantly before him, and do as he would he could not shake the message.

When he stepped into liberty once again, almost the first man he met was the Army Captain.

After the usual willingness to help, the Captain invited him to the Quarters for his first meal. At first he would not go, then finally he decided to accept the kind offer. Imagine his surprise to find his wife and son seated at the same table, happy in looks and contented in spirit. Such kindness brought a sheepish look over Tom. Following the meal, the Captain (all pre-arranged) got Tom interested in some plants he was growing, and before either were aware the clock had slipped around to 7:30.

"I must be off to the Meeting," said the Captain. "How would you like to come, Tom?" "No, I don't think so," he said. Then he thought of the Officer's kindness and well, having no special place to go, he decided it wouldn't hurt him.

If ever a soul prayed for another soul it was that night. Nothing out of the ordinary happened so far as the leader of the Meeting could discern, yet God's Spirit was at work.

Amongst others, Mrs. Tom gave a convincing testimony and when the Prayer Meeting started even the highest hopes of the Officers could not have been satisfied quicker, for no sooner was the first invitation given than Tom rose to his feet and deliberately walked to the Pulpit. What tears of repentance! How he cried from a broken heart, "God and the transformer,"

"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"

Hark, the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

be merciful to me a sinner," the power of God set him free.

"Now, just a word, Brother Tom, it will help you." Truly an oft-used expression, yet it meant much to the new convert.

"I date my decision to the visit of the Band," he said, "and do as I would the words—hark the herald angels sing—peace on earth and mercy mild—God and sinners . . ." He could go no further and broke down completely.

What a changed home! How eager the wife and son greet husband and father as he comes from work. And his testimony—why many have been stationed at the little Corps since Tom's conversion, but his life rings true with his testimony and if the words of the Christmas message are forgotten, except at festive season by those who are one who is constantly singing them.

Keep the Pot A-Boilin'

WHAT do I know about "The Salvation Army's Christmas Pot"? Well, that's some question. I know this though, that you ought to put an "S" after the "T" and call the word "Pots," for there's lots of them, and you can see them in most big places from Coast to Coast. And what's more we citizens of Canada look for them, for we've got a very same appreciation of what they stand for. They give us just that "extra" opportunity of helping the needy the sort of extra which so splendidly fits in with the spirit of Christmas.

I made a bit of a study of "The Pot" last year, and learnt quite a deal about its mission and the character and quality of its patrons. It may be that I was attracted somewhat by the sweet faced Salvationist whom I found in charge pretty early on in the day. She left after a spell "on duty" but I hung about in the offing, banking on her return.

As the day progressed the weather changed as much as the people who, from the early morning hours, passed and repassed the corner where the blackened iron pot swung from its tripod.

Light, swirling flakes of snow hurried down as if anxious to avoid being ignored by the throng that filled the street, store and office bound a throng that for all its haste paid full and willing tribute to "The Pot" in passing, and dispensed a pleasant nod or smile in response to the cheery "Thank You" of the fur capped lassie who took note of every gift. She found the same Christmas spirit associated with every offering from that of the office boy, whose small silver coin was hidden beneath the snow-mantled Pot, to the owner of the store, who searching the pockets of his coat in vain delved beneath it, crumpled up a couple of by no means small bills, dropped them in and passed on, the twinkle in his eye helping the grumble about "these hold-ups" and "giving a man no peace" that accompanied his contribution.

The wind dropped as the day advanced. Children free from school and older women, shoppers now, formed the bulk of the passers-by. Lots of the youngsters stopped to gaze curiously at the contents of "The Pot," and some amongst the number, displaying unmistakable signs of poverty, looked with an intensity of interest which bespeaks knowledge that here their Christmas happiness was in the making. Women, arrested by the merry jingle of the dancing bells, and the clear, bright "keep the pot a-boiling," struggled valiantly, under the handicap of an armload of parcels to reach the depths of an overcrowded handbag from which to extract generous tribute. One woman, pinched of face and ill clad, dropped in a folded slip of paper, paused for a moment and hurried on.

No race, no creed, nor age, but helped to swell the rising tide of silver, copper and bills, which increased with the persistency of the snow mantle that seemed determined to blot it from sight. A sweet faced maid of six gave place to a stooping grey bearded man who stood smilingly by while she dropped in, one by one, the pennies and nickels saved for weeks past "for the poor little children who haven't any Santa Claus."

The afternoon wore away, night came on and still the steady dropping of the snow, in great flakes which erased, as if by magic, every trace of those who went abroad. There were few amongst the number who were out and about, but responded to the greetings of the bells and the happy refrain of "keep the pot a-boiling."

It got colder and colder, and the newsboy who had shared the corner for several hours was preparing to leave for the night. Gathering up his remaining papers he came over to the pot and peered in. "Still lots of room ain't there?" he said, looking up at the Cadet.

"Yes, there's still room for quite a bit more, and need for it, too," was the reply.

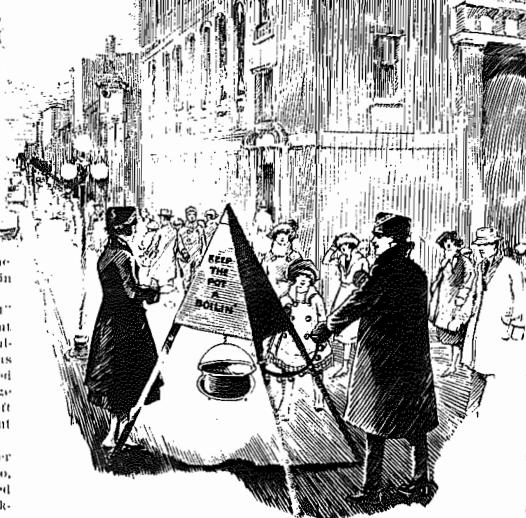
The boy became thoughtful for a moment, jingling the coins in the pocket of his sadly worn coat. Then, bringing up a small handful of silver he let it trickle slowly through his fingers into the pot.

"Youse folks helped us out last winter with eatin' things when we was up against it hard. I guess that'll help square up. Slong." Without waiting for a reply the boy was gone.

The coins and bills counted, cracked, and rechecked, the quartette who had charge of "The Pot" during the day turned their attention to the little heap of notes and envelope remaining on the table.

The slip of paper contained the names of seven girls who worked in a nearby office. Opposite each name was the amount of the contribution and fastened to the letter a cheque covering the lot.

Next was the cheque of a bark manager, and with it the name of a



needy family he hoped would not be overlooked—that of a widow with four small children, one very ill.

As the "counter" took up a carefully folded slip of paper he exclaimed "I remember the woman who wrote this. She was so pale and worn, and it seemed to me she prayed as she dropped it in. Listen:

"In other and happier days it was my privilege and custom to give my contribution to make Christmas brighter for others, and little did I think I should ever be in need myself. Sickness and death in our home has made everything so different for me and my two little girls who share my sorrow with me.

"If you could include us in your Christmas cheer I would be ever so grateful for the children's sake.

"Yours in the shadow of a great sorrow."

Before "The Pot" made its appearance on the streets, an army of workers had been visiting the homes of the poor, had been gathering, par-

ceiling, and preparing for the distribution of "cheer" from convenient centers on Christmas Eve.

Now New Year's Eve. Like many of its companion Halls of Salvation, The Army place near to where I live was packed with children who upbraidedly applauded every item of the program presented, dividing their attention between the music and song, and the moccasins, toques or scarves that by the hundred had been provided by "The Pot."

Watching these children filing out, poor and wretched indeed, but hugging their parcels and for the time being supremely happy, the onlookers who had bad the jingle of the bells and "kept the pot a-boiling" realized that it is truly "more blessed to give than to receive."

And so it is with all who give to the poor. This particular realization is largely governed by what may be termed God's Law of Compensation. He loveth a cheerful giver. The Bible says so, and multitudes who have given of their possessions have been conscious of the many evidences of His love which have brightened their lives.

The familiar "Pot" will be in its customary place this year. It is a hungry friend. We had almost written greedy, but that word is scarcely complimentary to so splendid an advocate of the needy. This year, according to prediction, an increased army of "needy ones" will require "The Pot's" timely aid, so that its appeal is intensified.

Many who read the article will see "The Pot." Surely, you will not avoid it. Others there are who will be far from the reminding sound of its merry bells. Should you desire to take a share in so necessary—and may we not say so sacred—a dispensing of good cheer, you may send your gift to The Salvation Army, Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

On behalf of the many who will be cheered and assisted in a practical manner through the aid which you will give, we thank you in grateful anticipation. He whose advent we shall commemorate will be mindful of your generosity, and will regard the consideration shown as being tribute rendered unto Him.

Dear COMMISSIONER SOWTON,

I enclose herewith..... and shall be glad if you will see that it brings joy and aid to some less well situated than—in the Providence of God—I am. Accompanying my Gift is regard for all who are translating the Spirit of Christmas into action.

YOURS FAITHFULLY,

CANADIAN MEMORIES

BY
Members of the Festive Board

DO they need any introduction. Surely not, as far as this Territory is concerned. Who, for instance, has not seen and heard of LIEUT.-COLONEL GIDEON MILLER, Field Secretary? He has been on the Salvation trail in Canada for 37 years. He is the President of the said Festive Board and he carries the job.

The fellow who sits at his right hand at the oblong table is the ever-genial BRIGADIER GEORGE ATTWELL of printing fame. He keeps things pulsing in more ways than one. He is the Vice-President and has got excellent taste.

Then COLONEL OTWAY, the Social Secretary, is a member of the company. He has always got something to say and it is always worth hearing. He is chock full of reminiscences. So is LIEUT.-COLONEL ADDY, Candidates and Special Efforts Secretary. We've yet to see him gloomy. He is perennially merry, and conversation never lags when he is around.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOREHEN is a big figure in this group. Steeped in Salvation Army lore as he is, he can extract from memory incidents of all shades and grades.

LIEUT.-COLONEL NOBLE, the Financial Secretary, is a member of the gallant eleven. He is far more humorous than he looks and knows a lot about other things than figures and cents. Of course, he sometimes looks worried—we have yet to meet a Financial Secretary who does not—but he waxes warm and talkative and merry when he is in the festive circle.

Then there is BRIGADIER JENNINGS, the Property Secretary. He is just full of life and go. He has been a worker ever since he joined up, and hits some pace, believe me!

Opposite him there sits BRIGADIER SOUTHLAND. He looks one of the placid type, but see him in action. He can flame with the fiercest denunciators of evil and can range himself with the most polished of the crowd! Sometimes he is referred to as "The Dean."

MAJOR BLOSS is one of the most valued members of the company. He figured in the memorable Klondyke expedition and his experience is studded with interesting gems.

The Trade Department is worthily represented by STAFF-CAPTAIN CALVERT. He is not one of the most volatile, but he contributes his quota to this board which bars shop-talk and is one of the healthiest, happiest and comrade-like institutions extant.

The writer knows for he is also a member!

As a young Captain I was stationed in a large Ontario town where I always endeavored to arrange an extra special Meeting in the Town Hall for Saturday night. In the adjoining town there was an enterprising Irish Captain, always willing to lend a helping hand. He had expressed a desire to speak on one of these occasions, explaining that he had an attractive way of illustrating the Truth with chemicals: showing, for instance, how the black, sinful heart of man could be changed when the Blood of Christ was applied.

On the particular evening under review, there was a large crowd in attendance. With two glasses in hand the Irish Captain's first representative was that of a heart black with evil. After dwelling on the wickedness of man's heart he held up the other glass saying, "Now friends, I'm not making light of the power of the Blood to save, but in this simple illustration you'll see how quickly the black heart can be made white." With this he applied, as he thought the correct solution, but instead of the black turning white, as intended, it became red. A titter passed over the audience, but the Irishman was equal to the occasion and said, "Sure, that old black heart 'saved and changed so quickly we did not notice it, and now here it is dressed in a red jersey."

TURKEY FOR CHRISTMAS

A comrade Captain of mine, anxious to have a Christmas-like spread, a week before the Festive Day arrived, made an appeal for a turkey by gently reminding his audience to this effect. In the early days, when generous gifts of food were often made, a reminder was all that

was necessary.

On Christmas Eve a young chap when leaving his home to attend the Army Meeting, spied a great live turkey with its legs tied lying in the back of a ditch. Remembering that the Captain as yet had not received an answer to his prayer, he decided this was his opportunity to lend assistance. He arrived just in time to hear the announcements, and the Captain say he was afraid the turkey was not forthcoming. "Don't worry," said the lad as he marched up the aisle and presented the great big gobbler. This was a signal for great rejoicing and outbursts of volleys. Late that night the bird was killed and dressed, and the Captain enjoyed a splendid dinner.

There is sometimes a sequel, and in this case it was not one of indigestion, but a visit from a very angry farmer who had discovered the loss of his turkey, and subsequently traced it to the young thief with a demand that it be returned. Since this was an impossibility the Captain found himself in a very embarrassing position, not being aware previously that he had stolen property. After some little time the farmer finally accepted a cash settlement for the stolen bird.

GIDEON MILLER,
Lieut.-Colonel.

the platform and put themselves into our car, sitting down at the rear end, breathless. After a few minutes they observed that we were all in scarlet uniforms, and surmised that they were trespassing. I knew that one of them was the Hon. Wm. Hanna, the Provincial Secretary for Ontario, and passed the word along that they were allowed to stay. Mr. Hanna then said he was talking Mr. Carnegie on to Lindsay, where he was to be nominated at the Convention as the candidate for Bath Victoria in the approaching election. We had a long conversation with him on current topics, and, as usual, put in useful practice both on our instruments and in our Male Voice selections.

Towards 11 a.m. we were nearing Lindsay, and our side drummer, Adjutant Walter Peacock (now Brigadier) the Young People's Secretary for the Central Territory, Chicago, started his customary office by extricating a whisk from his valise and dusting us one by one in the aisle; each of us going through the motions of passing him a quarter for his services. The quarter never changed owners!

Remembering our distinguished visitors at the rear of the car, who were watching the Adjutant, a sudden inspiration seized me. Calling him aside, I told him I would pass him a dollar bill after he had brushed me, and all the other Bandsmen would do likewise; it being mutually agreed that there would be a refund after the said greenback had worked the oracle! The good work progressed splendidly and the Adjutant held a fist-full of dollar bills by the time he neared the end of the car. The suppressed excitement electrified the atmosphere! All eyes were on Mr. Hanna and Mr. Carnegie, and when Mr. Hanna's turn came for a brush-up, he stepped up like a man and with a merry twinkle in his eye passed the Adjutant a five dollar bill.

The Band boys set up a roar of laughter, which was repeated when Mr. Carnegie handed over a two dollar bill.

Having pulled off the scheme successfully, the Adjutant came back to the front of the car and handed us each our dollar, but when he drew near the end of the car, Mr. Hanna rose and told him that he had caught on to the scheme in its early stages, but what he had given was to go to the good work. "The music you gave a little while ago was worth at least that much, anyway."

When we reached Lindsay, we delighted the Officer by stating that we had collected seven dollars on the train towards the cost of the week-end campaign.

And thus does memory supply one with incidents fashioned in the mould of inspiration. Those happy days of campaigning, so full of strenuous toil for the Kingdom relieved by a thousand touches of wholesome merriment, are gone but can never be forgotten.

GEORGE ATTWELL,
Brigadier.

OME say a blacksmith working on the construction of the railway, threw his hammer at a wild rabbit, and, missing the rabbit, struck a rock. The mark revealed the presence of silver. Thus silver was discovered in Northern Ontario. By this as it may, the silver rush was on; the town of Cobalt sprang up, and the Salvation Army with its Salvation message, was early on the scene. Regular services were conducted, both indoor and out, in all kinds of weather, when we were appointed there, often with very few men to assist, as our men Soldiers were frequently on night shift.



Among the many young men drawn to Cobalt camp was G. M. —, a robust young Englishman of fine physique, who worked down-under in one of the mines. He occasionally came to town in the evenings and on the occasion under review he passed our Open-air service while we were singing that old hymn, "Take the name of Jesus with you." This song message, touched as it was by the Spirit of God, took hold of his heart and conscience. Go where he would he could not get away from the words and a deep realization of the need of Salvation came upon him. This continued for some

days until, while at work at a sorting table underground, he knelt and cried to God for mercy and ere he rose from his knees he had received the assurance that his sins were forgiven.

From this time on George was ever ready to witness for Jesus 'in all places.' In a short time he was enrolled as a Salvation Army Soldier. A few months following his conversion an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out and our Comrade fell a victim to it. He was taken to the hospital, where we visited him daily and found him fully trusting. In spite of the best of care, George's work was at an end and his spirit took its flight. We gave him an Army funeral, laying his body away in that North Country cemetery.

As George had no relatives in this country, we communicated with his widowed mother in England, and at her request I was appointed administrator of his estate. His earthly possessions were disposed of, the result of which, apart from a few keepsakes, was sent to the family.

JAMES CALVERT, Staff-Captain.

ABOUT the most interesting Christmas incident I recall at the moment is in connection with the first Christmas effort at Winnipeg. I was appointed Provincial Commander in October, 1889, and soon learned that there was scope for assisting poor families in that city. I could not forget their need, and knew how many of those in destitution and privation would hail the arrival of a basket of foodstuffs. I knew, too, what a bright spot such a gift would make in an otherwise bleak Christmastide. I had used the familiar pots at street corners in my previous commands and forthwith decided to give them a trial in Winnipeg. Some of the city fathers took exception to this new venture and opposed the project. They had not conceived that there was any dire need in that thriving metropolis of the West and also resented it in the light that its exposure would be a bad advertisement for the capital city of the Golden West. Naturally they did not want the outside world to learn of the impoverished state of many citizens; but we did not want those citizens to spend a cheerless and hungry Christmas. So I gathered some Local Officers together and we made a canvass of certain districts, and the discoveries made convinced one of the need of immediate beneficence. Presenting the "findings" to the Municipal Authorities, I rather disturbed their nonchalance by asserting that unless action was taken, they would have worse than conditions to deal with than existed in any other city of the Dominion. That was a magic statement of mine. It hit right up against that Western pride renowned to-day, but acutely defined all those years ago.

Well, to cut and close this story, we waded through "The Tots," which appeared on those wonderfully wide streets of "The Gateway" for the first time, and many families were a good deal happier and merrier that Christmastide than would otherwise have been the case.

JOHN SOUTHALL, Brigadier.

FIFTEEN years ago, with Mrs. Abby and our two daughters, I arrived in the land of the Maple Leaf. Our beloved General had appointed me to tour the Dominion as a Salvationist Campaigner, and after a series of successful Meetings in one or two Corps in Toronto, a Western tour was arranged. The first call was Port Arthur, then Fort William. Owing to us not having a suitable building, a tent was secured. Let readers try and imagine a Meeting in a tent in the month of January, with the temperature 2° below zero. Difficult, eh? But true all the same.

The ingenuous Officer in charge had made it very nice and comfortable and we experienced glorious soul-saving times. Leading Open-air Meetings with the mercury deep below the zero line was an entirely new undertaking for me, but we held them every night.

At Fort William I had my first sleigh ride. During this adventure I inquired of the Officer where we were, and to my amazement he stated that we were on a large river. I said, "Take us off immediately, we might go through." "No, no," said the Officer, "you could put a C.P.R. train on this, it is so solid." With no little misgiving, I let him have his way.

The next port of call was Winnipeg, where we had some remarkable cases of conversion; then to Brandon, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary, landing in Vancouver on the 10th of April, our beloved Founder's birthday. What enthusiastic Meetings we had that night as we reviewed the glorious triumphs God had granted to William Booth. Proceeding to Victoria, where the sainted Staff-Captain Hayes was in charge of the Corps, we had a marvellous revelation of what God can do for all classes of people. Among the seafarers on Sunday night was a Chinaman, who cried for mercy. No one in the Meeting could understand his language, but a Chinese interpreter, who had been attracted by the announcements and the special Open-air Meetings, came into the Meeting. I asked him if he would kindly converse with the young man who had knelt at the Mercy Seat. In a few minutes the interpreter sprang to his feet and grasping my hand said, in broken English, "My countryman says, 'God bless ye, Brigadier. The Devil gone out, the Devil has come in.' By the look on his face we could see that this interpretation was true. 'The Devil had gone out of his heart and God had entered."

RICHARD ABBY, Lieut.-Colonel.

IN the Fall of 1912, accompanied by the Divisional Chancellor, I visited several Corps on the Strait Shore, the last place on the program being Doting Cove. The good boat "Fogota" carried us there. During the week-end we had a stirring time, great crowds at the Meetings, many seekers at the Mercy Seat, and a real Hallelujah wind-up.

Mondays morning found us up early and ready to board the boat on her return trip. A snow storm was raging and we had grave fears as to whether the "Fogota" would venture into the harbor on account of the storm. In due time we received the news that she had passed on without stopping. What was to be done? It meant at least a ten days' wait before her return and then the possibility of another storm, which might mean a further delay, and we had no time to spare, for we were needed at Headquarters to launch the Christmas Appeal for the poor.

There was nothing left for us to do but to walk from Doting Cove to Wesleyville, a distance of some ten miles to make connection with a boat that runs between the latter town and Port Blandford. We secured the necessary outfit and started on our long tramp. It was very heavy walking through the wet snow, but we pressed on until the darkness of the night compelled us to halt, and we found shelter in a government hut. A fire was soon kindled; we enjoyed the evening meal, and afterwards a few hours' rest on the floor. We were up again very early and by the moonlight continued our journey. At daybreak the rain descended. We arrived at our next place at nine in the morning, tired and wet to the skin. Here one of our adherents made us very welcome. Dry clothes were provided, also a good hot breakfast. By noon the storm abated, so we continued our journey to Cat Harbor, and it was well into the evening before we reached our destination. Very early the next morning we were on the vanguard again! A great change in the weather had taken place during the night, and everything was frozen solid. We tramped along over the hard ground at a good gait in the hope of catching the boat that ran between Wesleyville and Port Blandford. In this, however, we were disappointed, for the boat left one hour before we arrived.

In due time we reached St. John's, where great consternation had been created because they could not discover our whereabouts. What a welcome was ours! Soon the appeal was launched, the "pots" put out on the streets, and a generous response resulted, thus enabling us to provide food for at least 5,000 people.

WILLIAM MOREHEN, Lieut.-Colonel.



A QUARTER of a century ago (1888) the Klondike Pioneer Party left Toronto for Dawson City. The writer was one of the privileged adventurers who comprised that renowned expedition. In all there were eight of us. We climbed mountains, crossed the great Chilcoot Pass, forded rivers, portaged rapids and, after a journey of six hundred miles in canoes, arrived at the Golden Eldorado. "A sight indeed to behold—the land of the midnight sun." Dawson City streets were teeming with thousands in their picturesque garb, their language as varied as their costumes and all intent on their quest for gold.

Thank God, The Salvation Army had come to help them find the Pearl of Greatest Price. Dance halls, gambling dens, saloons and brothels were open night and day, the sight of which only intensified our desire to preach Jesus Christ. So after our day's work—hewing logs and rafting them down the river (for we built our own Hall and Metropole)—was done, we were to be found every night with our music and song in the Open-air, where many hungry hearts listened.

The first homeless man to apply to us for shelter had arrived with only three tins of sardines and a box of soda biscuits to carry him through an arctic winter. The first man to kneel at the Penitent Font in our log meeting-hall was a gambler who had lost \$1,200.00 the night before.

Perhaps one of the most interesting cases was a miner who had not been to a place of worship for years and had lived so long in that country, that there being no prospect of getting a white wife he married a "squadron." The Salvation Army had attracted him; he was a bad man, and often beat his squaw wife. At the close of the service he tumbled out to the Mercy Seat, and after being dealt with and his dark mind enlightened, he got up, when the Officers leading said: "Now we will have a word from this dear brother." Imagine the consternation when, with big tears running down his cheeks, he exclaimed, "By golly, I'm scared!"

FRED. R. BLOSS, Major.

WHILE stationed some years ago at what was then known as a Circle Corps, I set out to visit and pray with every family in a small village with the exception of one. At this house I had called repeatedly but could not gain admission. At last, after persistent efforts, I finally obtained an entrance and, in conversation with the lady, found that while living a very good moral life she was not converted. I pointed out the necessity of being "born again" in order to get into the Kingdom of Heaven. The woman then informed me she was certain that she would go to Heaven if she died, because she had had a vision of her loved ones who had gone before waiting at the Gate to meet her. I told her very plainly that these things were not sufficient and that unless she repented and got converted she would be lost. At this she became very indignant and ordered me out of the house, saying that she did not appreciate me coming to her home to tell her she was going to Hell. My appeal for permission to pray before I left was reluctantly granted, and the door was locked as soon as I left. I did not have an opportunity to visit this house again, as a few weeks later I received my farewell orders. At the close of my final Meeting in that town, however, a woman came forward and said, "I want to beg your pardon for ordering you out of my house. I thank God for your visit, because through the words spoken my eyes were opened and I saw religion in the true light."

ALFRED JENNINGS, Brigadier.





Specially Contributed by MRS. BANDMASTER JOSEPH LYDALL

by one these natives became Christians; one by who awakened the conscience of the world to the evil of slavery by her book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was Christian men such as Abraham Lincoln and Henry Ward Beecher, who became the champions of the cause of emancipation. Consider what the plight of crowds of homeless, destitute children would have been but for Dr. Barnardo and Stephenson, George Muller, the Reverend Thomas Waugh and others. Thousands of pitiful little waifs have been sheltered and cared for, given a useful trade, and established in life because the Child Jesus lived again in the hearts of men. The same benevolent influence has been in evidence on the parliamentary benches, when Christian men, irrespective of party, have fought for measures

The Babe Jesus came to a world full of injustice, profiteering and oppression; a world governed by wealth and might. He came to create a new kingdom in which justice should reign instead of injustice; self-sacrifice instead of profiteering; love instead of oppression. Pshaw! some people cry. Such a kingdom is a myth, existing only in man's imagination. It is too idealistic for this practical everyday world. That is just where they are wrong. The Kingdom of God, brought into existence by the Child Jesus 1923 years ago, is in our midst to-day. Its subjects are numbered by millions. Its laws are operating all the time.

An educated and cultured Christian gentleman, holding an important and lucrative post under the Indian Government, renounced his position and offered his services to The Salvation Army. He returned to India in native garb, travelled the country barefoot, with his begging bowl in his hand, seeking to win the people from their superstition and idolatry to a living, loving God.

Today there are hundreds of thousands of Indians who are members of The Salvation Army.

Whole tribes who had hitherto existed wholly by plunder and murder, have been placed under the care of The Salvation Army by the Government. They cultivate the silkworm; they possess looms especially invented for their use, and are able to earn an honorable livelihood by the manufacture of silk. Conquered, not by force or restraint, but by the power of love. The Kingdom of God in the heart of men.

Many years before this, the Moravians actually sold themselves as slaves, that they might win their fellow slaves for Christ. When all hope of reprieve for the unfortunate

Mrs. Lassandra had vanished, a young lady in Edmonton

called to see the minister of her Church. "Was there," she inquired, "any provision in the law by which one person might suffer the penalty of death for another? If so," she continued, "I would like to take Mrs. Lassandra's place,

because they say she is not ready to die. I would like to give her another chance." The young lady, the Minister stated,

she was willing to die for another, because the Child entered the love of Christ constrained her.

When God stooped and clothed Himself with the form of human flesh, an old prophecy was fulfilled, "Through Him shall all the families of the earth be blessed." All mankind, whether good or evil, is reaping blessing which His coming brought. He grew from babyhood to manhood, making known the benevolent character of His Father, and radiating light and healing through the passage of years; His life in the flesh culminating in that stupendous act of love when He took upon Himself the sin of the whole of mankind.

For a moment what this world would be like! Influence. Consider what Hell will be like when the world will be rampant,

and that your acceptance or rejection of the gospel of Jesus Christ, with its resultant freedom and joy, civilization and culture, has been carried to the heathen. The benevolence of God has been manifested to the entire world; when He suffered the death penalty for that sin, that all who would might obtain for

giveness. Jesus returned to His Father, but sent His Spirit to dwell in the hearts of His followers, and through them the world has been continually blessed.

It was a Christian lady, Harriet Beecher Stowe,

who awakened the conscience of the world to the evil of slavery by her book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was Christian men such as Abraham Lincoln and Henry Ward Beecher, who became the champions of the cause of emancipation. Consider what the plight of crowds of homeless, destitute children would have been but for Dr. Barnardo and Stephenson, George Muller, the Reverend Thomas Waugh and others. Thousands of pitiful little waifs have been sheltered and cared for, given a useful trade, and established in life because the Child Jesus lived again in the hearts of men. The same benevolent influence has been in evidence on the parliamentary benches, when Christian men, irrespective of party, have fought for measures for the good of humanity.

Years ago it was a common thing for ships to be overloaded and sent out to sea, never to be heard of again. The death of the sailor and the tears of his widow and orphans mattered nothing as long as the ship was heavily insured. Samuel Plimsoll, it was, who finally succeeded in piloting the measure

which provided that no ship should be loaded above a certain line, called to-day the Plimsoll line. Women, unsexed and degraded, were employed in the British coal mines as beasts of burden. By means of a chain passing between the legs and connected with a belt strapped round their waists, they were compelled to drag to and fro, on hands and knees, and often for fourteen or sixteen hours a day, trunks heavily laden with coal, through passages too low to permit of these persons' going upright. They were nearly naked, their clothing consisting of nothing more than a pair of trousers made of sackcloth. Children were also employed and treated with even greater brutality. It was the Christ Child in the heart of the Earl of Shaftesbury who procured the Commission of Inquiry. The same who also introduced the measure which put an end to these abominations.

For an evidence of the influence of the Holy Child in the business world of to-day, go to the garden city of Bournville. Study it. The existence and remarkable growth of The Salvation Army is another irrefutable proof of the existence of "God with us." Millions of men and women find their highest joy in service to God and man at the cost of self-sacrifice. The Founder

of our beloved Founder, As a result there have been instituted shelters for the victims of vice, homes for the wrung

children, for inebriates and for straying and homeless boys. There are departments to advise and assist the widow, to transplant families to new lands of hope and opportunity. There are hospitals and schools in not one country, but many. Prisons

are visited; the sums are ministered to the poor. The

trials of life, the trials of affliction, has

love has

consider for

without

member

eternal

the world.

Holyland

By

IDA JUDITH JOHNSON

TM

THIS then is Holyland, this place of scars,

Of moldering castles and dismembered walls,

Of many-colored, alien life that calls

Our blood to quick response; this land whose stars

Have watched the vain succession of men's wars—

The striving "Cross" and "Crescent" and the halls

Where Pilate's "Ecce homo!" faintly falls

Among the boasts of royal blusterers.

Can this be Holyland? I see, instead,

One walking fearless on a troubled sea,

And earnest fisher folk by Galilee,

And sick that rise up lusty from their bed;

And over there a lonely, skull-shaped hill,

While all the world looks upward and is still.

MANY times in the history of the world has the advent of a babe enriched not only the parental home, but the whole nation. The babe has proved a veritable gift from God to its fellow countrymen. Had a vision of the future been granted to the people of Italy, they might have cried out with joy at the birth of Garibaldi, "Unto us a child is born." The mother of Abraham Lincoln, in the little log cabin, gazing with love-filled eyes upon her babe, might have exclaimed, "America! Unto you and the cause of justice and freedom, a son is given."

But here—here is a Babe—born not to one family alone, nor to one nation, nor to one cause, nor yet to one generation, but to all the preceding and succeeding generations of the world. An Indian exchained in my hearing a few days ago, "God listens to the white man." He does, but equally so to the dark man. He was born unto the Indian tribe to the Chinese, the Pigmy in the African forest, the Aborigine in Australia, the denizen of the reeking slum, as to the cultured, rich and favored of the world. God loved the world—and gave His Son.

The equalization and international brotherhood of the world will never be accomplished by political effort. But this Child was born to unite the nations of the earth in one great fellowship, of which He is the Chief. The bond cementing the diverse races of mankind into one kingdom is the bond of love, the love that serves, and sacrifices to serve. Class is unknown in His Kingdom. In Him are neither male or female, bond or free. The servant takes equal rank with his master; the slave with his owner. All are "heirs and co-heirs with Him" to the riches of heaven, and of one blood are all the nations of the earth.

It is a spiritual kingdom existing in the very heart of man—for the kingdom of God is within you—and it is governed by spiritual laws; laws of grace. Until the Child Jesus came, the whole world was under the old law, an eye for an eye; a life for a life. The law was made to restrain wicked men, and to protect life and property. The laws of His Dominion are not inscribed upon the tables of stone, but are written on the hearts of His subjects. The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The old law operates from without, restraining. The new law of His Kingdom operates from within, supplying the motive power. The old material law governed the actions of a man. The new spiritual law governs the nature of a man. When Dr. John Paton first went to Aniwa, one of the Cannibal Islands in the South Seas, there was, of course, in that place no law in operation. Neither life or property was safe. The missionary hung his blankets out to air. The blankets mysteriously disappeared. When he had made sufficient progress to warrant the erection of a Mission House, his position became an extremely humorous one. Into the sanctuary poured the natives, driving before them pigs, chickens and other animals; property which they deemed it unsafe to leave unguarded at home. The Doctor's first sermon were punctuated by the clucking of hens and the occasional grunt of a sow. But one

was quite normal; of much personal love of Christ constrained her.

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and that your acceptance or rejection of the gospel of Jesus Christ, with its resultant freedom and joy, civilization and culture, has been carried to the heathen. The benevolence of God has been manifested to the entire world; when He suffered the death penalty for that sin, that all who would might obtain for

giveness. Jesus returned to His Father, but sent His Spirit to dwell in the hearts of His followers, and through them the world has been continually blessed.

It was a Christian lady, Harriet Beecher Stowe,

blessed through God's Christmas gift

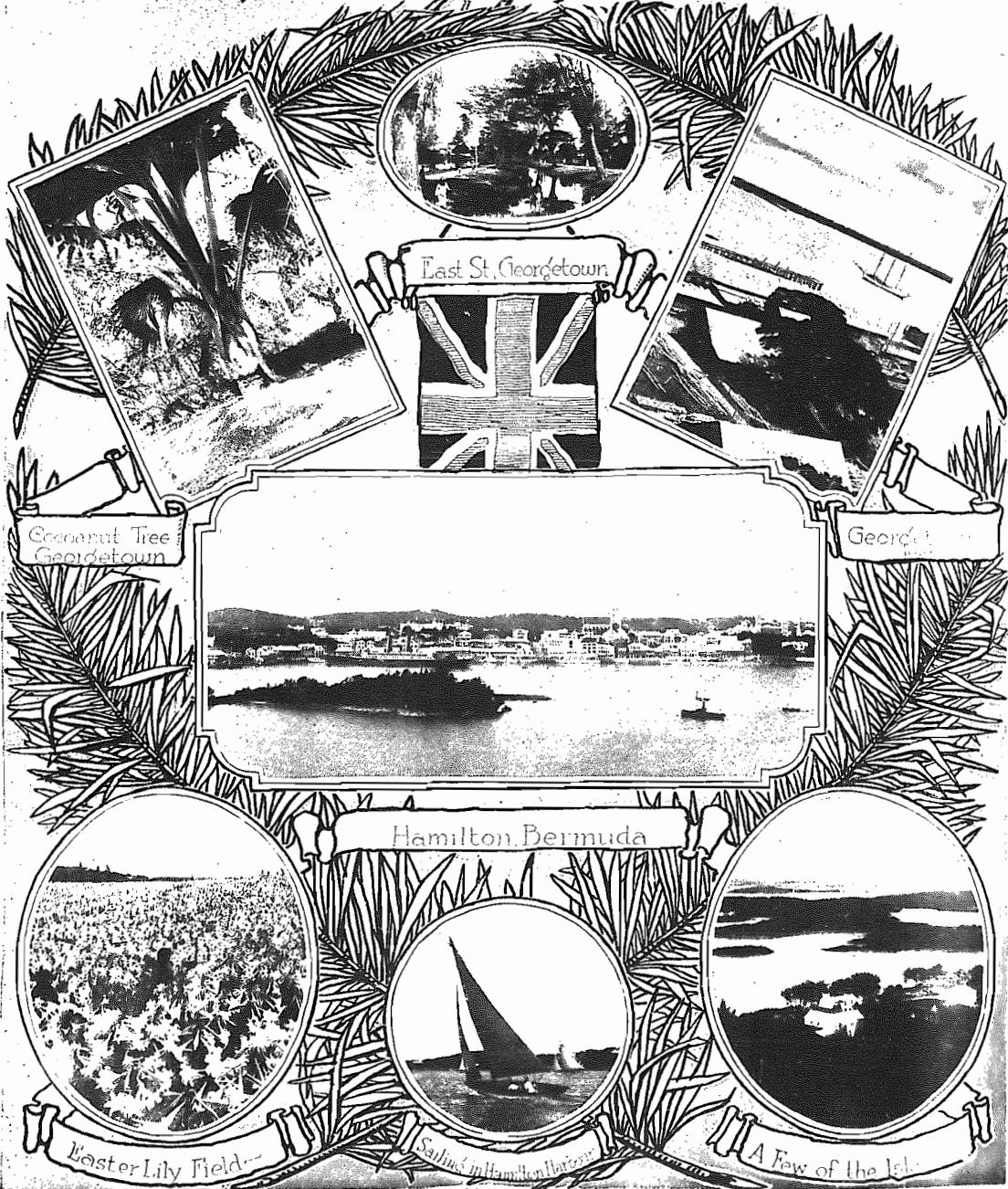
Canada!

Lord of the lands, beneath Thy bending skies,
 On field and flood, where'r our banner flies,
 Thy people lift their hearts to Thee,
 Their grateful voices raise:
 May our Dominion ever be
 A temple to Thy praise.
 Thy will alone let all enthrone:
 Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own.

Almighty Love, by Thy mysterious power,
 In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom dower;
 Be ours a nation evermore,
 That no oppression blights,
 Where justice rules from shore to shore,
 From lakes to Northern Lights.
 May love alone for wrong atone;
 Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own.

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal hand
 Hold us in honour, truth, and self-command;
 The loyal heart, the constant mind,
 The courage to be true,
 Our wide-extending Empire bind,
 And all the earth renew.
 Thy name be known through every zone;
 Lord of the world's, make all the lands Thine own.

Beauty Spots in SUNNY BERMUDA



DIVISIONAL COMMANDER IN CANADA EAST



BY THE LIGHT OF HIS WONDERFUL STAR



BY the Light of His wonderful Star is God's love
Outpoured on earth's outcasts from Heaven above;
'Tis the herald of mercy and peace.
It tells of the advent to earth of Heaven's King
Who came---meek and lowly---salvation to bring
And from bondage souls to release.

In the rays of this wonderful light is found hope
For all who in sin's cruel darkness now grope;
For all in the grip of despair.
No one is too vile for this great light to find.
Our Father has sent it, in love, to remind
Each heart that we're all in His care.

He sends it to all---to the Magdalene weak,
To the prisoner bound, to the worst on the street;
To the unloved and unloving one.
And bound in the rays of this wonderful star
Is comfort and blessing for those near and far;
For it heralds the birth of God's Son.

It shines for the wealthy as well as the poor.
It points to the Saviour who stands at the door
That leads into heaven and peace.
It bids every soul enter into the Fold;
Into joys, the half of which have never been told!
And partake of love that ne'er will cease.

That light tells of Jesus who came as a babe,
That He all earth's children might cherish and save
From sorrow and evil and pain.
He came to make this world a happier place
By bringing salvation and hope to our race
And lighting with love earth's domain.

The heathen---the Christian! Whatever the creed
It matters not, for all of God have great need;
Without Him they'd perish and die.
But infinite mercy's provided a light
To guide every soul from sin's terrible night;
And "EVERY" includes you and I.

The light from this star shines upon us today.
As it did in the past, so it will do for ye;
'Tis the beacon that makes safe life's way.
It comes (does this light) from the Father above
Who is mercy and truth; who is kindness and love;
And blesses the world day by day.

